

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



YALE'S PRESIDENT GRISWOLD

After 250 years, new horizons in the land of the Whiffenpoof.



See the difference the right floor makes



COMPAIRE these two photographs of the same millinery shop. Fixtures, displays, and merchandise are the same in both pictures, but see how much more attractive everything looks in the bottom picture. The striking improvement is due to just one change—a new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. It's a good demonstration of the importance of the floor in the decoration of a business interior.

The owners of this shop had tried to give it feminine appeal. Fixtures and walls had been decorated attractively, but no attention had been given to the floor. Its shabby appearance spoiled the over-all effect, detracted from the merchandise.

The new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum was designed to give the place decorative unity. Colors were selected to harmonize

with the walls and cabinets. Now this shop has an air of fashion authority.

Armstrong's Linoleum was the right floor for this shop for a number of reasons. The color variety and design freedom make it easy to create a distinctively styled floor at a moderate cost. It's a durable floor that will stay beautiful for many years. The smooth surface is easy to clean, keeps down maintenance costs. It cushions footsteps so it's quiet and comfortable underfoot.

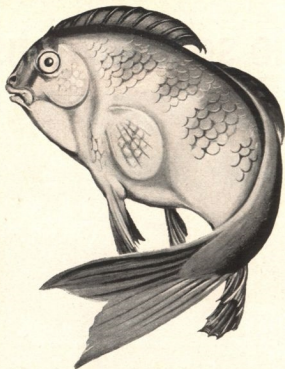
A new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum may be all that's needed to give added appeal to your place of business. Your Armstrong contractor will be glad to show you samples and give you a cost estimate.

Which floor for your business? Because no one floor can meet every need, Armstrong makes several types of resilient floors—Armstrong's Linoleum, Asphalt Tile, Linoleite®, Rubber Tile, and Cork Tile. Each of these floors has its own special advantages. Each has been developed to meet various cost, style, and subfloor requirements.

Send for free booklet. "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page full-color booklet, will help you compare the features of each type of resilient flooring and aid you in choosing the one that's best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5106 Fulton Street, Lancaster, Penna.



ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

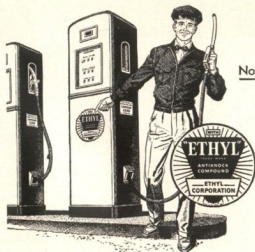


There's a big difference between a

perch and a percheron

—and there is a powerful difference, too,
between gasoline and "ETHYL" gasoline!

TRADE MARK



North . . . East . . . South or West

"Ethyl" gasoline runs engines best



When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N.Y.*

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake . . . ethylene dichloride . . . sodium (metallic) . . . chlorine (liquid) . . . oil soluble dyes . . . benzene hexachloride (technical)

TIME, JUNE 11, 1951

Only STEEL can do so many jobs



TUNNEL PUTS TO SEA! This giant cylinder of steel will form part of the new, half-mile-long vehicular tunnel under the Houston Ship Canal between Baytown and La Porte, Texas. Nearly 35 feet in diameter, 300 feet long, and with both ends sealed to make it seaworthy, this tunnel section has just been "launched" from the U.S. Steel yards at Orange, Texas, where it was fabricated, and is beginning its 125-mile trip by water to its final destination. When completed, the underseas tunnel will carry 3009 feet of State Highway 146.



STEEL LANDING MATS, commonly used for "quickie" combat airfields, are here being placed on a wooden pier to speed up landing of supplies for the troops. Although a great deal of steel is required to meet America's mobilization needs, United States Steel is big enough, fortunately, to supply steel for that purpose while continuing to produce steel for many essential everyday uses. And the steel-making capacity of United States Steel—along with that of the industry as a whole—is expanding every year.



DISHWASHER RACKS like this call on almost every one of the superior qualities of Stainless Steel. Great strength and light weight; freedom from distortion and sagging; resistance to corrosion, heat, cold, abrasion; permanent good looks; sanitation. U-S-S Stainless Steel is extremely important in America's mobilization plans.

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY and CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY • CONSOLIDATED WESTERN
TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY

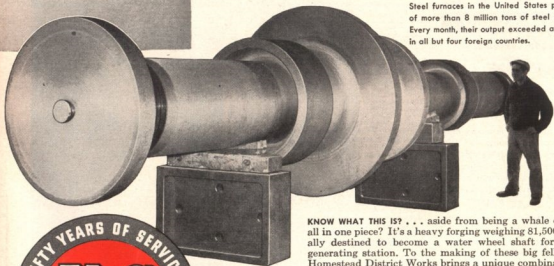
so well...



A "ONE-MAN GANG" on an automatic baling machine performs a harvest miracle . . . does the work of many men in a fraction of the time. United States Steel pioneered the development of wire tailored to this purpose—and today, U-S-S American Tie Wire is widely used in this type of equipment. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

Steel furnaces in the United States produced an average of more than 8 million tons of steel every month in 1950. Every month, their output exceeded a full year's production in all but four foreign countries.



KNOW WHAT THIS IS? . . . aside from being a whale of a mass of steel all in one piece? It's a heavy forging weighing 81,500 pounds, eventually destined to become a water wheel shaft for a hydro-electric generating station. To the making of these big fellows, U.S. Steel's Homestead District Works brings a unique combination of the finest steel, skilled craftsmen, and modern equipment.



... and this trade-mark is your guide to quality steel
UNITED STATES STEEL

Helping to Build a Better America

STEEL CORPORATION • GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING COMPANY • GUNNISON HOMES, INC. • NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY
 UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY • VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY

Why YOUR CAR NEEDS LION Nōkōrōde UNDER-CAR SEALER and SILENCER



Nōkōrōde Muffles Noises



Protects Against Rust

Only Nōkōrōde Contains *Silent-Tite**

**An ingredient that makes Nōkōrōde more adhesive, more cohesive, more dense, and a better sound-insulator.*

It's good-bye to annoying squeaks and rattles when Nōkōrōde "blankets" the underbody of your car. And it's good-bye to rust and corrosion, too... because superior Nōkōrōde gives the underbody an unbroken "coat" with no opening for rust and corrosion to get a start.

For a really quiet ride... for real protection that lasts the life of your car, insist on Lion Nōkōrōde—the superior under-car sealer and silencer.

Nōkōrōde is made from the finest selected asphalt by Lion Oil Company, one of the world's leading manufacturers of asphalt. Nōkōrōde is naturally black—no useless coloring matter added. Made under the process of U.S. Patent No. 2,393,774. Ask your Dealer for...

Nōkōrōde

GUARANTEED by
LION OIL COMPANY
El Dorado, Arkansas



LETTERS

Sparta or Moscow?

Sir: May I suggest that atomic warfare, like chemical warfare, is a thing of the past? Neither of us dares to use the atom bomb... [Then] what is Stalin waiting for? Only for us to bankrupt ourselves to the point where we can no longer afford to keep an army in the field. Then he (or his heirs) will move—but fast. How can we offset this? 1) By having fighting forces which will live a Spartan existence; 2) By having civilians who will live a Spartan existence.

Problem: Are we willing to live like Spartans now so that our children won't have to?

LEWIS WILLIAMS

Philadelphia

The Human Sea

Sir:

One important fact seems to have escaped the attention of all parties concerned... Whether or not the prevailing strategy of fighting a "limited war" in Korea could bring the Chinese Reds to their knees or to their senses: the Peiping regime has not poured its best troops into Korea and has not, therefore, suffered losses that really count or hurt...

Except for a hard core of officers and a number of NCOs who may be said to belong to the Communist elite, the great majority of Chinese Communist troops that have been thrown into the battles in Korea are either former Nationalist soldiers whom the Communists do not trust or new conscripts or local militia forced in there to make up the

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME, INC., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter January 21, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., \$6.50; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$15.50. Foreign editions, Hawaii, 1 yr., \$8.00; Alaska, 1 yr., \$10.00; Cuba, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Continental Europe & Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00. For U.S. and Canadian active military personnel anywhere in the world, 1 yr., \$4.75.

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TIME
June 11, 1951

Volume LVII
Number 24

Beauty

that outlasts the years



the magnificent
Magnavox

television - radio - phonograph

Better sight... better sound... better buy

Tailored like a Jacket

For men who want the best. Comfort and fit never before experienced in shirts... truly your form in fabric.



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TIME, JUNE 11, 1951

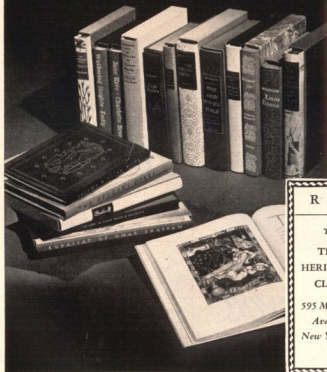
FOR A BRIEF TIME ONLY,

YOU MAY NOW OBTAIN

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful BOOKS

LIKE THESE - AT THE SAME

PRICE AS AN ORDINARY NOVEL!



Yes, you may now—BUT FOR A BRIEF TIME ONLY! obtain a unique collection of the world's classics especially illustrated by the greatest artists and well printed on special papers—for the same price as rental library novels!

DON'T think we enjoy rubbing it in, when we say that this offer is open to you for a brief time only. How we hate to say it! We would much prefer to expand the membership of The Heritage Club, and *expand* it, and *expand* it.

But we can't. For the increasing limitation on paper supplies has created a shortage. Of the *superior* quality of paper which goes into the Heritage books, the supply is so limited as to cause us to gnash our teeth in fury.

During World War II we were forced to make the same limitation: this year the membership of The Heritage Club must again be restricted to thirty thousand. So only about 800 are open now. For a brief time only, therefore...

THE MEMBERS of The Heritage Club regularly come into possession of "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not falsely *de luxe*, nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are especially designed by the most famous typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, carefully printed on papers which have been chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, then handsomely bound and boxed.

Yet the members obtain these books for the same price that they are called upon to pay for ordinary novels! Despite sharp increases in costs, each member pays only \$3.65 for each book—or only \$3.28 if he pays in advance!

NOW the Prospectus is being prepared for the Sixteenth Series; and it describes the books to be distributed to the members during the coming months. Some of these members have been members of The Heritage Club ever since the Club was established nearly sixteen years ago! If you apply in time, you will obtain books like these:

Don Quixote, profusely illustrated by the great Moroccan artist Edy Legrand; *Anna Karenina*, with lithographs in color by the English painter Barnett Freedman; *Tom Jones*, with water-colors by T. M. Cleland; *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, with color drawings by E. A. Wilson; *Crime and Punishment*, with wood-engravings by Fritz Eichenberg; and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and *The Tale of Hoffmann*...

Yet, if it should happen that you do not desire to have any of them, you are given a list of three dozen Heritage books-in-print—from which to select substitutions.

THERE HAVE BEEN great book bargains before, of course, and there will be again. But it seems safe to say that never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain than this been offered to wise buyers of books.

You are invited to put this statement to the test. If you will send us the coupon printed below, we will send you a copy of the descriptive Prospectus and will reserve one of the available memberships for you.

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CITY AND STATE

71-18

Let your feet "breathe" with cool cool nylon mesh!

WHAT'S THAT cool, breezy feeling around your feet? That's those new Bostonian Footsavers you're wearing!

These cool 100% NYLON MESH Footsavers let your feet "breathe." You get *any* breeze there is! When there's no breeze, just *walk* and make your own! Insist on NYLON MESH—durable, handsome, easy to clean.

Your first few steps will tell you that Footsavers are *different*. It's the feel of *your own foot shape*—matched dip for dip, curve for curve. Try them! There's a Bostonian dealer near you... he's worth looking for.



FRASER—Crisp, airy wheat NYLON MESH with brown trim Wing Tip. Ideal for summer lightweight living.

Bostonian Footsavers

© Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

Greater comfort than you've ever known!

"human sea..." These troops are strictly "expendables" in the grand scheme of Mao Tse-tung and his Kremlin masters...

CHI PING HSU

Pusan, Korea

Guided Missiles

Sir:

As a former abstracter for the Guided Missiles Library at M.I.T., I would like to congratulate *TIME*, May 21 for the most well-written and accurate account of guided-missile development that I've read in a national periodical.

ADELAIDE A. DEL FRATE

Arlington, Mass.

Here & There With Ubiquity

Sir:

In *TIME*'s May 21 issue you have an article about Professor David White of Boston University and his efforts to simplify the writing of the Boston *Herald*. At first it seemed a good idea, then I wondered. If the newspapers never use words not easily understood by the average man, how can he enlarge his vocabulary?

J. DOUGLASS HALE

Lubbock, Texas

Sir:

I accuse Dr. White of "foggy" writing. Such concise words as "ubiquity" and "inculcates" can hardly be called foggy. "Eso-teric," if you must, but not foggy...

EVELYN C. TIRRELL

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

... Dr. White's "ubiquity" poll of 72 passers-by of the Boston Public Library might (conceivably) be matched against a future poll of 72 people either going into or coming out of the library. The compared or contrasted results could tend to show that a number of people not only know what "ubiquity" means, but that some are actually bound on errands of erudition. (Whoops—there I go!)

ALDEN GIFFORD STEVENS JR.

Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

... There are words in Lincoln's Gettysburg Address that probably would dumbfound the same passers-by. If newspapers are to coddle illiterates, their vocabulary must be restricted to probably 750 out of the vast word-board of our flexible English tongue. Variety is the spice of language as of life, and linguistic exactitude is a badge of civilized mentality...

EUSTACE CULLINAN

San Francisco

Sir:

... I agree with Professor White that words like "ubiquity" have no place in newspapers, least of all in headlines. But even he might ponder awhile over a synonym for "ubiquity" which takes up only eight units of headline space.

JOHN H. CRIDER

The Boston Herald
Boston, Mass.

Sir:

How can you be so inconsistent as to publish "Fog Cutter" and use a word like "whick-ering" in the same issue?

RICHARD G. TALPEY

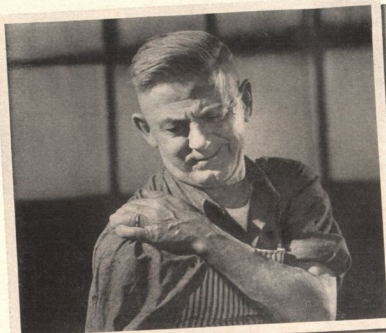
Madison, N.J.

Correspondence Course

Sir:

In all the discussion of the Truman-MacArthur dispute, none of the comments which I have read related anything about a very

TIME, JUNE 11, 1951



THE TWINGE THAT CAUSED A TRAGEDY

Mike Miller was a reliable machinist. The machine was well guarded. That's why the foreman was baffled the day Mike lost two fingers. The real cause of the accident was in Mike himself. He was suffering from arthritis in the shoulder. This caused him to adopt an awkward position for his hand, and his fingers got caught.

The solution

Mike's accident could have been avoided if the plant had a program of industrial preventive medicine. If the foreman had been informed of Mike's physical limitation, the machine could have been adjusted so that his awkwardness would not have been dangerous.

HUMANICS: A New Concept

Liberty Mutual helps policyholders to set up plant medical controls through their full-time or part-time doctors. But industrial preventive medicine is only one phase of Liberty Mutual's comprehensive program. It's called **HUMANICS**—the science of preventing loss—which brings together all activities for preventing accidents and reduc-

ing the pain and expense of accidents when they do occur.

HUMANICS guards machines... and puts "invisible guards" around men to safeguard them from themselves. It concerns itself with medical care of injured workers, and the rehabilitation of the badly injured. It is not a departmental activity with Liberty Mutual, because the prevention of loss in all forms and the consequent reduction of compensation insurance costs is the basic business of the company.

You can check your own program

"HUMANICS: A NEW CONCEPT OF LOSS CONTROL IN INDUSTRY" is a booklet describing five ways to reduce the cost of Workmen's Compensation Insurance, increase productivity and improve employee relations. A request on your business letterhead will bring you a copy without cost or obligation. Address Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, 175 Berkeley Street, Boston 17.

HUMANICS

LIBERTY MUTUAL'S PROGRAM

to keep workers from being hurt
... to help them recover sooner
if they are hurt... to rehabilitate them if they are badly hurt,

THROUGH

Industrial Engineering

to eliminate physical and mechanical hazards

Industrial Hygiene

to assure a healthful working environment

Industrial Preventive Medicine

to fit the right man to the right job, or to adjust the job to the man—and to protect the worker's physical fitness.

Claims Medical Service

by eminent specialists, to facilitate the rapid recovery of injured workers

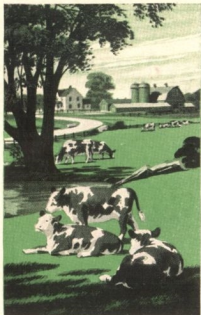
Rehabilitation

to restore badly injured workers to useful, productive lives, through Liberty Mutual's Rehabilitation Center in Boston and Chicago and auxiliary services elsewhere.



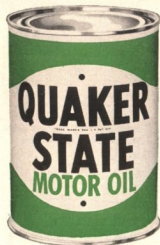
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★ Better Compensation Insurance Protection at Lower Cost—through Humanics ★



On the highways of Wisconsin as...

*In every state
it's Quaker State
for quality!*



FROM coast to coast... border to border, Quaker State Motor Oil is the quality choice of car owners. There's a good reason. There's no finer motor oil for your car produced anywhere in the world!

40¢ per U.S. Quart, including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax
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significant news item of ten years ago. An unnamed Army officer had written a letter to Senator Harry Truman criticizing the foreign policy of the U.S. Mr. Truman had made his answer in what is now known to be his characteristic way: he wrote a letter. In this letter, which was made public at that time, he spoke very plainly his opinion of military men who try to direct foreign policy. His handling of the MacArthur question shows at least that the President possesses one very admirable and rare trait: consistency...

JOHN E. STEELY

Walnut Ridge, Ark.

Added Action

From Cartoonist Paule Loring of the Providence Evening Bulletin:



¶ For his amiable acquiescence in TIME's new twist to his old steer, thanks to Cartoonist Loring.—Ed.

Whose Business Is It?

Sir:

In your excellent May 21 article on the Peróns you ask what the U.S. can do about [their "Fascist-model state"]. Just why should we do anything about it? Trying to reform the domestic affairs of other nations has brought us to our present crisis, causing us to betray China and refuse the help of Spain.

JOHN CLARENCE PETRIE

Christ Episcopal Church
Harlan, Ky.

Sir:

If we should elect a moss-backed conservative party into office, what could the Argentine *descamisados* do about it?

Nothing, of course, it would be none of their business... "What can the U.S. do about it?"

JOHN S. RIVER

Butte, Mont.

Sir:

... What you should do is leave those people alone—they, like everybody else, have enough problems...

MANUEL LÓPEZ

Evansville, Ind.

Sir:

After reading your lucid account of the *descamisados' Il Duce*, I deduce that Evita



World's most accommodating companion, the Dopp-Kit holds all needed toilet articles, yet occupies less luggage space than any other travel kit. Waterproof Vinyl-lined... choice top-grain leathers in five convenient sizes.

The Dopp-Kit is going places with more civilians and servicemen than ever before. Be sure to ask for the original Dopp-Kit... only the original bears the Dopp-Kit trade mark.

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THE TROSSACHS
Scotland's Scenic Wonderland!

(From Edinburgh or Glasgow)

Travel in Britain is
amazingly inexpensive!
So, stay longer and see more.

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1951—FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN YEAR!

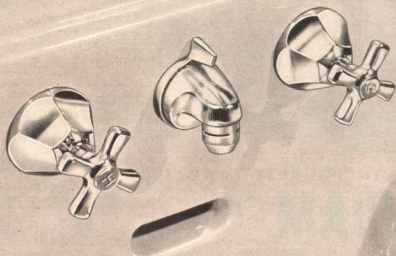
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AMERICAN-Standard

First in heating...first in plumbing



NEW LAVATORY FITTING

*Another example of
AMERICAN-Standard
Leadership*

● There's more to the gleaming lavatory fittings shown above than meets the eye.

Center of interest is the new combination supply and drain fitting. You've probably never seen one that's better looking. And you'll certainly not find one that's more conveniently located or easier to use!

Designed especially for American-Standard shelf-back lavatories (shown here on the Companion), this ultra-modern fitting combines supply spout

and drain control in a single unit.

The easy-to-flip handle ring controls the pop-up drain. A slight turn left opens the drain. A swing to the right and it's closed. The handy control knob is easy to grasp—even with soapy hands.

The new fitting also has a specially designed metal spout to which is added a Spring-Flo aerator—an amazing attachment which works wonders with water. By activating water with tiny air bubbles, the Spring-Flo prevents splashing. And there's no unpleasant

taste and odor. Finished in lustrous non-tarnishing Chromard, this modern fitting will glisten like new for years with minimum attention.

The improvement of an apparently simple product like a lavatory fitting is but another example of the importance American-Standard places on seemingly little things. And another reason why more homes have heating and plumbing by American-Standard than by any other single company.

LOOK FOR THIS



American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation, General Offices: Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

Serving home and industry: AMERICAN STANDARD • AMERICAN BLOWER • CHURCH SECT'S • DETROIT LUBRICATOR • KENAWEE BOILERS • RUSS HEATER • TOWANDA IRON

FIRST OF KING NEPTUNE'S NEW PRINCESSES



A NEW CONCEPT IN TOURIST TRAVEL

The New RYNDAM To Europe

—to be followed next year by the New MAASDAM

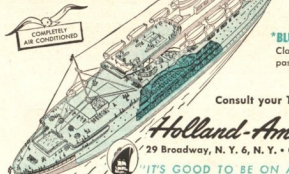
Designed for those who prefer Tourist Class because it's so friendly, informal, and such a lot of fun—the RYNDAM offers every comfort—with welcome economy for your transatlantic crossings.

The only new, modern liner where Tourist passengers have virtual run-of-the-ship privileges, including the topside sports deck, the glassed-in verandah and broad promenade deck, the spacious main lounge, palm court, smoking room, gay cafe and gracious dining salon. The air-conditioned staterooms are comfortable and well-appointed. In these surroundings, Tourist passengers will enjoy friendly

service, a variety and abundance of good food—with traditional Holland-American seamanship and immaculate ship-keeping.

The RYNDAM, approximately 15,000 gross tons, with her sister ship, the New MAASDAM, coming next year, will provide regular service to Europe. Make reservations now for the maiden voyage of the

New RYNDAM from New York July 31 to England, France, Holland. Rates: Tourist \$165 one way; First Class (capacity 39 passengers) \$250.



*BLUE AREAS indicate Tourist Class accommodations for 854 passengers on 5 decks!

Consult your Travel Agent

Holland-America Line

29 Broadway, N. Y. 6, N. Y. • Offices in Principal Cities

"IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A WELL-RUN SHIP"

Other sailings to England, France, Holland: NIEW AMSTERDAM June 29, July 20, Aug. 10, Sept. 4; VEENDAM July 6, Aug. 17, Sept. 14; RYNDAM Aug. 31, Sept. 28. Direct to Holland: NOORDAM June 30, July 28, Aug. 25, Sept. 22; WESTERDAM June 16, July 14, Aug. 11.

rules by a 2-1 vote, inasmuch as she controls two of the three key pressure groups.

Viva la President!

A. J. FLOERSCH

Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Veritas et Sortes

Sir:

You failed to note in your May 21 article on Harvard's [endowment] finances one of the earliest methods of meeting a budget.

I have in my possession a lottery ticket belonging to my great-grandfather, Asa Walker, which states that the bearer is entitled to one-third the prize if drawn against No. 6069, with 13 shillings deductible for the benefit of the third class of Harvard College.

Though undated, I presume it to be about the Revolutionary era. For the record, said Asa Walker was a respected deacon of the Unitarian Church of Ashby, Mass. whose forebears were the strictest of Puritans. Shades of Kefauver!

ESTHER MONTGOMERY STRONG

Englewood, N.J.

Comparisons

Sir:

... After 40 years in the Roman Catholic Church and 15 years as a Catholic priest, the chances are that I know more about the Church and more about the good & bad of Catholics than Paul Blanshard can ever hope to know. That's why I find his picture of the Church not just fantastic but hilariously funny, like a movie cartoon of the blind men and the elephant. The comedy is dulled, however, by the fact that his book [Communism, Democracy and Catholic Power—TIME, May 21] will be read by many people ... and the results will be anything but comic, unless we wish to consider hatred as funny ...

REV. ROBERT J. WELCH

Iowa City, Iowa

Sir:

Like an adolescent going through the *De-camerae* avidly picking out "the dirty parts" and missing all that makes it great literature, Mr. Blanshard seems to go through Catholic writing looking for juicy tidbits he can lit out between strategically placed quotation marks, that he may condemn the Church seemingly with her own statements. To anyone familiar with the contexts so used, to say nothing of the spirit of the Church, this device is amusing if contemptible; but to the naive or uninstructed it can be misleading to a degree prejudicial to justice ...

KATHERINE A. GIBSON

Salem, Ohio

Sir:

... Many of my friends and I pray constantly for Paul Blanshard ...

RITA M. McPHERSON

Boston

Bradley, Churchill & Temptation

Sir:

At a time when Anglo-American unity was never more necessary (General Omar Bradley) broadcasts his criticisms of the conduct and strategy of several of our top generals. As these are the very men with whom General Bradley would like to cooperate should another war break, it is difficult to see what useful purpose is served by this muckraking.

Heaven preserve us from talkative generals, or at least let them emulate the greatest man of the century if they must write books.

Winston Churchill has resisted the temptation to indulge in personalities, but his memoirs are no less readable for his restraint.

KENNETH L. BRANSTON

Bramley, Surrey, England

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More details will be announced later. Meanwhile, you can always be sure of getting the last word in quality and true value when you buy a Sylvania Television Set of any size at any price.

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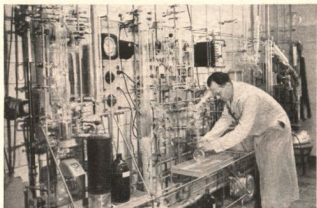
SIXTY YEARS AGO THOMAS EDISON needed only a piece of tin foil and a few dollars' worth of equipment to prove his "talking machine" worked. Contrast this with the job of proving out a new idea in television today—the inventor is hamstrung without multimillion-dollar laboratory facilities.



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THIS SINCLAIR CHEMISTRY LABORATORY is typical of the costly equipment needed by independent inventors. By opening up these facilities to outsiders, the Sinclair Plan may bring to light many good ideas which might otherwise go unnoticed or unused.

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This was no obstacle in our earlier days. Eli Whitney built his cotton gin with homemade tools in a barnyard. The Wright brothers designed their first airplane with the help of a "wind tunnel" consisting of a foot-square box and an ordinary fan—and the plane flew. In contrast, the recent development of nylon took ten years of research time and 70 millions of dollars.

In short, the man with a new idea today bumps up against our complex technology and often

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If the directors of the laboratories select your

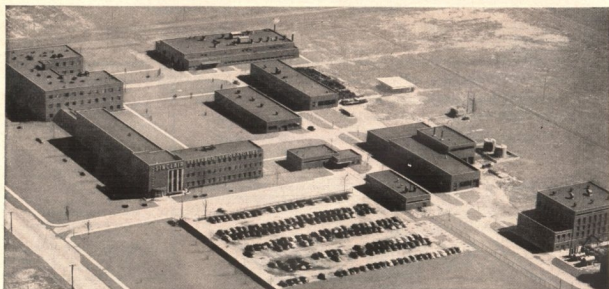
idea for development, they will make, in most cases, a very simple deal with you: In return for the laboratories' investment of time, facilities, money and personnel, Sinclair will receive the privilege of using the idea free from royalties. This in no way hinders the inventor from selling his idea to other companies or from making any kind of arrangements he wishes without further reference to Sinclair.

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Instructions on how and where to submit ideas under the Sinclair Plan are contained in a complete Inventor's Booklet that is available on request. Write to the office of the Executive Vice-President, Sinclair Research Laboratories, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. for your copy of this booklet.

IMPORTANT: *Please do not send in any ideas until you have sent for and received the booklet of instructions.*

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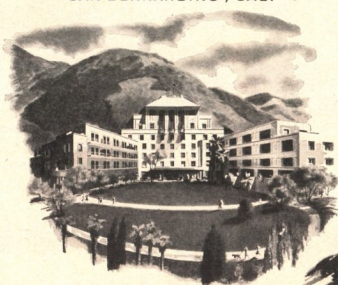


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Conrad N. Hilton, President

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

This week, when another outstanding educator is on TIME's cover (see cuts for others), I want to report to you something about the way both educators and students feel about this magazine. A recent survey showed that TIME is read regularly by 62% of the presidents of degree-conferring U.S. colleges. This same group, by a vote of 3 to 1, calls TIME its "first-choice magazine." And among 1951's crop of graduating seniors, the readership figures are about the same.

Here are some excerpts of letters from educators around the country, who give some reasons why TIME is a mainstay among many students and teachers:

"... TIME is rated in my work as 'necessary reading' in any current history or social science course. I personally consider TIME as the most readily available source of authentic material offered to school people today."—*Edwin L. Peterson, chairman, Social Science, Branch Agricultural College.*

"... I have made use of TIME ... in my sophomore course in English Communication ... Outside the classroom, I have frequently engaged in discussions of current events by citing TIME stories. This has probably occurred most frequently at the Faculty Club, at which every Friday we have informal gatherings in the late afternoon over coffee and doughnuts—with the usual type of faculty discussions on such occasions. Of course, TIME is on the table in the club library; and I note that it is pretty generally in use among those who prefer to use Friday afternoon for reading rather than discussion ... Probably the Faculty Club discussion is duplicated at most American colleges ..."—*Leo L. Rockwell, Professor of English; Director, Division of Arts & Letters, Colgate University.*

"Some issues of TIME I keep on permanent file, issues dating back into

the 1930s, and re-use them each year in class ..."—*J. T. von Trebra, Wisconsin State Teachers College.*

"We rely on the Press section to keep abreast of current events and trends in the publishing business; and, of course, on the rest of the magazine for keeping up with other current happenings throughout the world. We couldn't operate without the magazine, and are indebted to you for your numerous aids for stimulating class routine."—*A. E. Austin, Head of Department of Journalism, University of North Dakota.*

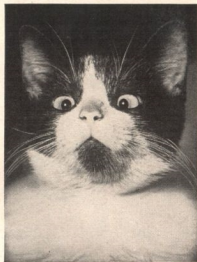
"... I often refer to TIME in connection with my teaching in Political Science. It is one of the magazines which I urge my students in Political Parties to read. I do think TIME gives a lot of up-to-date practical political information ..."—*William B. Bradshaw, Dean of the School of Business and Public Administration, University of Missouri.*

Paul M. Pitman, a TIME-reader for the past 20 years, got an idea when he read TIME Education's annual "Goodbye, Messrs. Chips" story last July. As he studied the story of eight topflight teachers then going into retirement, he decided that as new president of the College of Idaho he needed just that kind of mature scholar to mix with his younger teachers. So he wrote letters to them, asking each if he would like to come out to Idaho.

"Uncle Harry" Miles Johnson, Tulane University's ruffled and violent psychology lecturer, took up Pitman's offer, will arrive at the College of Idaho this September. Other "Messrs. Chips" responded with interest, one with a blunt "What's your proposition?" Pitman figures that the board will soon find money enough to make some propositions. Nowadays, he is looking forward to the next Mr. Chips story and more recruits.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



Graflex Prize Photo by Robert MacKay

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Synthetic and natural rubber is used to make 50,000 different products... from surgeons' gloves to shock absorbers.

The rubber industry is hard at work developing new products. Thousands of homes will be heated electrically by concealed radiant panels of rubber... rubberized streets for longer wear and greater safety are being tested. Some in the industry even foresee a day when automobile tires will last as long as the car on which they are delivered!

The rubber industry's unceasing search for new and better products, at lower costs, is typical of progressive American industry.

In today's uncertain times the strength and character of the American people, backed by the great resources of our competitive business system, are the hope of free people everywhere.

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1951—126,244 M. P. H.



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have radios...
96 million sets...
Families average nearly
four hours a day
listening to them...
They spend 20% more
time listening to CBS
stations than to those
of any other network.



We're not so sure he ought to have a set of his own.

Roger, being only five, might be better off outdoors, learning the sacred principle of the sacrifice bunt. Or having someone read him a story. And isn't he a little young to be picking all his own programs?

But the significant fact from your point of view is that most parents count radio so indispensable that no home, and hardly a room, is properly furnished without it. People have come to take it for granted that without radio, you can't successfully run a hotel, hire a maid, or raise a child.

This attitude points up a value more meaningful, perhaps, than the formidable statistics of competing advertising media—a quality too often buried under radio's own impressive circulation figures. The figures don't lie. They're just not articulate. They fail to make the simple point about radio's power that matters more than numbers.*

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In the busy city, and in places the mail gets to only once a week.

If you are an advertiser with a big market to reach, you belong in radio.

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System*

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

MACARTHUR HEARING Peace Terms

What is the U.S. willing to settle for in Korea? Testifying before the MacArthur investigating committee, Secretary of State Dean Acheson gave a surprising answer: the U.S. will be content to stop the fighting at the 38th parallel. It will be willing to leave North Korea in Communist hands, so long as there are "reliable assurances" that the Communists will not renew their aggression. A "unified, free and democratic Korea" is not one of U.S. war aims.

Acheson drew a sharp distinction between the U.N.'s military objectives in Korea and its political objectives. Said he: "Our objective is to stop the attack, end the aggression, restore peace—providing against the renewal of the aggression . . . That is the military objective of the United Nations as laid down by the United Nations itself . . . The United Nations has, since 1947 or 1944, stood for a unified, free and democratic Korea. That is still our purpose and is still the purpose of the United Nations. I do not understand it to be a war aim. In other words, that is sought, to be achieved by peaceful means, just as was being attempted before this aggression."

The intervention of the Chinese Communists had made unification of Korea "militarily difficult, if not impossible," said Acheson. But U.N. "forces were not put into Korea to do that when they went in in June," he insisted.

Asked New Jersey's Senator H. Alexander Smith: "Does that suggest the possibility of a cease-fire at or near the 38th parallel?" Said Acheson: "If you could have a real settlement, that would accomplish the military purposes in Korea."

SMITH: "How would you visualize the prevention of the same thing happening over again?"

ACHESON: "If you once get the conviction on the part of the Chinese that they . . . haven't got the strength, to do what they want from the military point of view . . . The way is open for some sort of a settlement in Korea which can be accepted [by both sides] on the basis of mutually known strengths."

SMITH: "If we stop where we began . . . I have great difficulty in justifying the casualties, which . . .

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department last week reported 603 more U.S. casualties in Korea, bringing the total since the war began to 66,220. The new report was the smallest in four months. The breakdown:

DEAD	11,413
WOUNDED	44,705
MISSING	9,987
CAPTURED	115

Total casualties by services: Army, 55,005; Marine Corps, 9,925; Navy, 717; Air Force, 573.

are some 141,000, counting combat and other casualties . . ."

ACHESON: "Senator, if you accomplish what you started out to do, I don't think that is synonymous with saying you stopped where you began. We started out to do two things. One is repel the armed attack, and the other is to restore peace and security in the area. Now, if we do those two things, we have done what we started out to do, and I should think that is success."



KNOWLAND & ACHESON
Who had the truth about Yalta?

It was a frank admission that the Administration had once hoped, but could no longer hope to tidy up that torn country by military action. To get a cease-fire agreement from the Communists, the Administration was resigned to the minimum goal—the restoration of the *status quo ante*. The problem of a divided Korea, Communist in the north, free in the south, would remain—a smoldering time-bomb under the shaky structure of world peace.

Nice Friend

The Administration's long-standing explanation for the secret Yalta deal was not a pretty story, but it was nicely detailed. Yalta was pictured in subsequent official communiqués and speeches as the place where Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, sitting together as brotherly men concerned with establishing enduring world peace, drew the blueprint for the United Nations. Stalin, a friendly fellow at heart, needed a little encouragement to make sure that he would help out in the war against Japan. Hence the West's generosity* at Yalta to the U.S.S.R.

This week Dean Acheson dropped a bombshell—an explanation of Yalta that was a strange and startling contradiction of the "brotherly-fellows" theme of the older story. "The grave danger," said Acheson, ". . . was that [the Russians] would really wait until the [Pacific] war was over and until we had expended our effort and blood to win the war, and [then] they would come in and do what they wished."

"Unquestionably, the Russians had it in their power not only to take what was conceded to them but much more besides . . . so that this agreement gave them the basis for a legal claim to something considerably less than they might have taken without a legal claim."

Where this left the old story Dean Acheson did not say. And for the moment, at least, the committee seemed too startled at his revelation to decide who had the truth—Dean Acheson on June 4, 1951, or Roosevelt, Churchill & Co. in the piping, peace-planning days of 1945.

* Which gave Russia the southern part of Sakhalin Island and all the Kuriles, plus control of Port Arthur and Dairen and of the strategically invaluable railroad across Manchuria.

The Cool Man

Secretary of State Dean Acheson looked trim and cool in a grey tropical suit when he walked into Room 212 in the Senate Office Building last week and faced the Senate committees. For the past fortnight, he had spent every spare minute preparing his case. He read every line of the 1,050,000-word testimony of Douglas MacArthur and of the Administration's witnesses. State Department staffers had been working day & night digging out papers, preparing briefings; they even analyzed the questions of individual Senators for their attitude and special interests.

The Capitol corridors were charged with political tension. "Wait until we get Acheson," the more partisan-minded Republicans had crowed in every cloakroom, as the Administration paraded its military witnesses. Waiting for him in Room 212,

introduced himself when he encountered Acheson in a Senate elevator. "I'm Joe McCarthy," he announced. "I'm Dean Acheson," replied the Secretary, and the two shook hands and had their pictures taken. Later, McCarthy could not resist a sly dig. "Neither of us turned his back on the other," he told reporters. More characteristic was Wisconsin's senior Senator Alexander Wiley, another sharp critic of Acheson, who greeted him jovially with: "Well, Mr. Secretary, you are looking young and handsome this morning."

"I Would Not Wish." For his part, Acheson answered questions in a polite but decisive way, was exceedingly careful not to be clever, apparently having learned that a debater's victory often costs more support than it wins. He had a lawyer's skilled command of himself and his case. He avoided any personal criticism of Douglas MacArthur, pointed out that

cited the first paragraph, which read: "To formulate information policy which will minimize damage to United States prestige and others' morale by the possible fall of Formosa to the Chinese Communist forces." Acheson made no attempt to defend what the directive said as the truth: it was just propaganda, and therefore—at least in his interpretation—permissible playing with the truth.

Chin Up. In the fall of 1949, said Acheson, "it was the clear, unequivocal recommendations of the military services that we could not employ any of our forces for the defense of Formosa [see box]. It was estimated that no amount of U.S. aid short of military occupation and control would insure Taiwan's indefinite survival as a non-Communist area . . . Without U.S. military occupation and control, Taiwan,* like the rest of China, probably would be under the Communist Chinese control by the end of 1950 . . ."

"The paper . . . was to minimize the fall which everyone had agreed was inevitable, rather than as an exposition of U.S. policy . . . I don't know any other attitude which would be sounder to take than to say keep your chin up, it doesn't matter, this isn't important."

It was drawn up, he declared, on the suggestion of Lieut. General Albert Wedemeyer, author of the long-suppressed China report of 1947. At the time that the "public policy information" paper was issued, Wedemeyer was Assistant Chief of Staff and serving on a committee coordinating Voice of America propaganda with occupation information in Germany and Japan.

Acheson's plea to the joint committee was that the paper should not now be published because "the U.S.S.R. could use it to discredit the information program of the U.S."

Replied Knowland: "I place an entirely different aspect on this document . . . I think it is a key document of the foreign policy of this country which led up to the statement of the President on Jan. 5 that the U.S. would give no further military aid to Formosa, and which . . . led up to the situation where the U.S. Government was prepared both to recognize the Communist regime of China and ultimately to turn Formosa over to them."

After four hours' wrangling, the committee decided, by 15-0, that no harm would be done by publishing the letter. Five Democrats, including Chairman Russell, joined the Republicans to make it public. They argued that most of it had been published in the nation's newspapers anyhow (an alert U.P. reporter in Tokyo had reported its content in January). Besides, men like Russell were determined that the committee not leave itself open to charges of suppression of evidence.

There was one other flare-up, but it soon fizzled. Wisconsin's Alexander Wiley, who had got his fingers burned when he

* The Japanese-adopted name for Formosa. The "policy information paper" had instructed diplomats not to call it that.



MCCARTHY & ACHESON MEET IN THE ELEVATOR
"Neither of us turned his back on the other."

Associated Press

Acheson had few defenders; almost to a man, the Democrats considered him a political albatross around their necks. Chairman Richard Russell, who had introduced each preceding witness with a resounding recitation of his achievements, contented himself with a brief comment that Acheson had been Secretary "during one of the most trying periods" in U.S. history.

But once the committee doors swung shut, Acheson's questioners, Republican as well as Democratic, settled into the attitude of grave decision that had dominated the investigation from the start. The Republican members, however noisy the blood cries of their colleagues outside, were courteous, dispassionate and earnest in search of answers. Often, they avoided pressing partisan advantages.

Even Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy, who bobbed up as a spectator to watch his principal prey under fire, amiably in-

troduced himself when he encountered Acheson in a Senate elevator. "I'm Joe McCarthy," he announced. "I'm Dean Acheson," replied the Secretary, and the two shook hands and had their pictures taken. Later, McCarthy could not resist a sly dig. "Neither of us turned his back on the other," he told reporters. More characteristic was Wisconsin's senior Senator Alexander Wiley, another sharp critic of Acheson, who greeted him jovially with: "Well, Mr. Secretary, you are looking young and handsome this morning."

"I Would Not Wish." For his part, Acheson answered questions in a polite but decisive way, was exceedingly careful not to be clever, apparently having learned that a debater's victory often costs more support than it wins. He had a lawyer's skilled command of himself and his case. He avoided any personal criticism of Douglas MacArthur, pointed out that there had been no differences between them in the administration of Japan, and on the specific ground of his dismissal, carefully explained: "I would not wish you to think that I am in any way saying that I think General MacArthur would do something that he had been ordered not to do in a military field."

The sharpest interchanges, in a hearing where there were few, came right at the start. California's William F. Knowland, the best prepared questioner on the Republican side, demanded that the State Department release for publication a directive it had sent out in December 1949 declaring that "Formosa has no special military significance," and ordering its missions to combat "the mistaken popular conception of its strategic importance to the U.S. defense in the Pacific."

Acheson argued that it was nothing but "policy information paper" for the guidance of U.S. propaganda efforts and he

tried to compel General Omar Bradley to repeat confidential conversations with the President, edged back to the subject with long toms in his hand. Acheson likewise refused. "I am under direct instructions of the President of the U.S. not to repeat what was said at these meetings at his office," he said.

WILEY: "Would you claim that what was said . . . would be against the public interest to disclose or against the President's interest to disclose?"

ACHESON: "I wouldn't say either . . . I am not trying to analyze the matter, Senator."

Temper & Civility. As the committee got down to the cross-examining of Acheson, a calm seemed to settle over the hearing room. Not in years had an investigation in which feelings ran so high been conducted in so temperate and fair-minded a fashion. Both parties were duly sensitive to political nuances, but even more sensitive to the perilous complexities of the issues they discussed.

KNOWLAND: "At what time and by whom was the Department of State ever advised that [Formosa] was not of strategic importance to the U.S.?"

ACHESON: "The State Department was not advised by the Joint Chiefs of Staff or by anyone that Formosa was of no strategic importance . . . I think this paragraph [in the propaganda directive] talks about mistaken conceptions of its strategic importance to the U.S. in defense of the Pacific. There had been a great deal of talk . . . that the loss of Formosa would be catastrophic . . . indeed, there have been statements to the effect that if it were lost, the defense of the U.S. would be thrown back to our western coast. That, I think, is not a view which has been held within our Government."

KNOWLAND: "The Supreme Commander in the Far East, General MacArthur, felt rather strongly on that subject, did he not?"

ACHESON: "Yes, sir. When I said within the Government, I mean within the Washington branches of the Government."

The Stiffening. Asked Massachusetts' Leverett Saltonstall: "Has the policy of the State Department gradually stiffened with relation to preventing Formosa from falling into hostile hands?"

ACHESON: "One very important change took place . . . On the 26th or 27th of June . . . the Seventh Fleet was put in there . . . If that had not been done, I believe Formosa would have fallen . . ."

RUSSELL: "What is the official position of our Government . . . on the admission of Red China into the United Nations?"

ACHESON: "We have opposed that . . . and opposed it very vigorously and very successfully . . . We cannot allow governments that want to get in the United Nations to shoot their way in. There are 46 organizations of the United Nations and its affiliated special agencies to which the Chinese might be admitted . . . The question has come up 77 times in these various 46 bodies. The vote has been against the

FACTS ON FORMOSA

From October 1948 until the Korean invasion on June 25, 1950, Dean Acheson testified, the U.S. had "one policy, and one policy only" in regard to Formosa. "That policy was as follows: 1) first of all, it was understood and agreed that Formosa had strategic importance so far as the U.S. was concerned; 2) that strategic importance related to keeping Formosa out of the hands of a [hostile] power and did not concern occupying or using Formosa by the U.S.; 3) in the existing condition and strength of the armed forces of the U.S., it was not possible to commit any forces whatever . . . to the defense of Formosa; 4) the State Department should, to the best of its ability, by diplomatic and economic means, try to keep Formosa from falling into hands which would be hostile to us." This is the record of how the policy was actually followed:

Sept. 23, 1949—The Joint Chiefs of Staff considered sending a military mission to Formosa. Decision: no mission.

Dec. 9, 1949—J.C.S. ruled against trying to save Formosa from the Communists. Reason: strategically the U.S. could do without Formosa. They were unanimous.

Dec. 10, 1949—Chiang Kai-shek, beaten off the mainland, arrived on Formosa to set up his Nationalist government. J.C.S. began a re-examination of its policy.

Dec. 22, 1949—J.C.S. reversed its stand. This time it recommended that an attempt be made to keep Formosa from the Communists. It proposed that a small military mission, possibly 20 officers, be sent. General Douglas MacArthur and Army Under Secretary Tracy Voorhees, who had recently returned from a trip to MacArthur's Tokyo headquarters, had helped convince J.C.S. that the island should be saved.

Dec. 23, 1949—The State Department issued 456 copies of a secret document to its diplomatic missions abroad. Its message: 1) minimize the possible fall of Formosa to the Communists, 2) emphasize that "Formosa has no special military significance."

Dec. 29, 1949—President Truman presided at a meeting of the National Security Council. General Omar Bradley, representing the J.C.S. in its new stand, argued for a military mission to Formosa. Secretary Acheson opposed him, decisively defeated the proposal. Truman ruled for Acheson.

Jan. 5, 1950—President Truman told his press conference: "The United States [has no] intention of utilizing its armed forces to interfere in the present [Formosan] situation. The U.S. Government will not pursue a course which will lead to involvement in the civil conflict in China . . . will not provide military aid or advice to Chinese forces on Formosa. In the view of the U.S. Government, the resources on Formosa are adequate to enable them to obtain the items which they might consider necessary for the defense of the island." ECA help would continue.

Jan. 5, 1950—Secretary Acheson told a press conference: "There has been a great deal of amateur military

strategy indulged in in regard to this matter of Formosa . . . We are not going to get involved militarily in any way on the island of Formosa. So far as I know, no responsible person in the Government, no military man has ever believed that we should involve our forces in the island . . . We gave vast amounts of military equipment to that government . . . It is not that they lack rifles or ammunition . . . or that they cannot purchase what they need . . . The trouble lies elsewhere, and it is not the function of the U.S. nor will it or can it attempt to furnish a will to resist and a purpose for resistance to those who must provide for themselves."

Jan. 12, 1950—Acheson, in a speech to the National Press Club, said that the U.S. "defensive perimeter runs along the Aleutians to Japan and then goes to the Ryukyus . . . to the Philippine Islands." Not included: Formosa.

Jan. 26, 1950—Secretary of Defense Johnson and General Bradley told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that Formosa in enemy hands would be a menace to the American defense line in the western Pacific, but that they did not think the island of enough strategic significance to have U.S. armed forces occupy it.

June 27, 1950—Two days after the Korean attack, President Truman announced: "I have ordered the Seventh Fleet to prevent any attack on Formosa. As a corollary of this action, I am calling upon the Chinese government on Formosa to cease all air and sea operations against the mainland. The Seventh Fleet will see that this is done."

April 24, 1951—The Defense Department disclosed that between 500 and 600 military advisers would be sent to Formosa to help train Chiang's troops. Deputy Defense Secretary Robert Lovett said it now ranked with Western Europe in priority for U.S. arms.

May 11, 1951—Secretary of Defense George Marshall said: "We are very clear on that . . . Formosa must never be allowed to come under the control of a Communist government or of a government that is under Soviet Communist domination."



GENERAL VANDENBERG
From a climate of unification . . .

admission 76 out of the 77 . . . In regard to one case where the other case was taken, that was [later] reversed."

WILEY: "Does our policy in the Far East now mean we will not surrender Formosa to the Reds and will not stand for Communist China getting a seat in the U.N.?"

ACHESON: "The President has made our policy very clear on numerous occasions, that we are not going to allow it to be taken by force . . . In regard to saying we will not stand for their getting a seat in the U.N., I just don't understand the words you use. I have told you that we have opposed the matter . . . that we will continue to oppose it, and that I believe . . . we will continue to have the great majority of the nations with us."

WILEY: "Well, of course, out my way when we say we won't stand for a thing, we understand just what that means, sir."

Willing to Suffer. Did Acheson think any of the allies would desert if the U.S. took steps in Korea they opposed? Inquired Texas' Lyndon Johnson. "I do not think that anybody would pull out and quit," said Acheson. "... I think they are quite willing, if war is forced upon all of us . . . to take all the suffering that that brings on them. But they don't want that terrible catastrophe to fall on them unnecessarily . . ."

What about the allies' contributions to the fighting? "I feel badly," answered Acheson, "when I hear these discussions of the inadequate effort of our allies in Korea . . . The effort which the British are making in Malaya and the French are making in Indo-China if put together is roughly equivalent to the effort which we are making in Korea."

JOHNSON: "Has the State Department ever advised England, if it should recognize Communist China, that the United States would probably follow suit?"

ACHESON: "No sir, that is a complete

misapprehension . . . We had expressed our views and our views did not change. We were hopeful that they could find it possible to continue to recognize the Nationalist government."

New Jersey's Alexander Smith asked: "Can you explain what troubles many people, and that is the authority apparently we gave our representatives in the Assembly two or three months ago to agree to a cease-fire proposal which included the possible question of the seating of the Communist Chinese in the Security Council and also the question of Formosa?"

ACHESON: "I don't think it did include those, Senator . . . This was merely to say that 'if the people stop your defiance of the United Nations, then you will have the chance to discuss, as you had a chance before this defiance, these questions in which you are interested.' It didn't say that was part of the settlement."

BREWSTER: "Is it conceivable that we could recognize Communist China without admitting them to the United Nations?"

ACHESON: "We certainly could, but . . . we are not recognizing the Communist authorities in China. We are not contemplating doing it. We are opposed to it."

BREWSTER: "You have never contemplated it?"

ACHESON: "No, we are not contemplating it, haven't contemplated it; we have been against it."

The Military Rests

The testimony of all the Joint Chiefs of Staff was now in—and the effect of it was four minds speaking as one.

To a man, they opposed MacArthur's plan to extend the Korean war, but they conceded that the time might come when the U.S. would have to try it. They expressed personal admiration for MacArthur, yet they backed up President Truman entirely in firing him. They agreed that the handling of the firing was bungled (Admiral Sherman had wanted to send George Marshall to Tokyo "to straighten the matter out"). They hoped that the Korean war might be ended by their present, limited-war strategy—but no one of them could say how it would be done. Except for small details and shadings, the U.S. Army, Navy and Air Force chiefs stood stoutly together.

Anybody who had expected otherwise, who had looked for one of the Joint Chiefs to stray from the reservation, overlooked the character of the military mind and the nature of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Even if some of them have been personally inclined to endorse MacArthur's program (and there was no testimony that any would buy more than perhaps a segment of it, if any, at this stage of the game), the climate of unification and loyalty to the Commander in Chief was enough to keep the front united. Their answers had a conference-room sameness.

Devastating Shoestring. The Air Forces' General Hoyt Vandenberg used his time chiefly to lobby for more airplanes. In his enthusiasm, he scooted in & out of a

series of contradictions without so much as a furrow on his handsome, unlined face.

Instead of arguing—as had Marshall, Bradley and Collins—that bombing across the Yalu might bring World War III, Vandenberg was against it, for the moment at least, for his own reason; the job, he said, might chew up the Air Force and leave the U.S. "naked for several years to come" to Russian attack.

He testified that the U.S. now has only "a shoestring Air Force," but within a few minutes he was saying that the Air Force is today's "sole deterrent to war," able to "devastate the industrial potential of any great nation on the globe."

Does present air power give the U.S. a defense against Soviet atomic attack? "Today, yes sir," said Vandenberg, "but not tomorrow. As the power of the Russian air force increases and their stockpile of atomic weapons increases, the job of the U.S. Air Force becomes roughly doubled." He was not satisfied with "the present 30% guns, 70% butter" defense program, but he favored full mobilization only if "war was inevitable"—and he did not think that was the case, although he was pessimistic. He threw a scare into the Senators by declaring that the Russian MIG-15 (powered, like the Navy's Panther and other fighter craft, with a redesigned Rolls-Royce Nene engine) is "superior to any jet engine that we have today" in "speed and climb and operations at altitude."

A Ready Navy. Admiral Sherman, who testified after Vandenberg, was asked pointedly if he had "a shoestring Navy." "Definitely not," said he. Is U.S. air power what deters Russia? No, said Sherman. "The deterrent is the realization that with our technical and industrial potential, the forces that we have, our ability to expand them, that there is a realization on the other side that if a general war comes, they will be defeated."



ADMIRAL SHERMAN
... a conference-room sameness.

Sherman concurred in the firing of MacArthur ("We must have a commander in whom we can confide and on whom we can rely"). But he displayed some liking for MacArthur's proposed naval blockade of Red China—provided it was a U.N. affair.

On MacArthur's suggestion that the U.S. help the Chinese Nationalists go into action without itself fighting alongside them, Sherman was tart: "I don't know how to conduct an amphibious operation in which the troops fight and the ships don't." To MacArthur's emphasis on Asia, he replied, "... I believe that if we lose Western Europe . . . we would have an increasingly difficult time in holding our own. Whereas if we lost all of the Asiatic mainland, we could still survive and build up and possibly get it back again."

There ended the military's case, after 19 days, 885,000 words.

THE PRESIDENCY

Itchy Problem

Harry Truman sat on the weather deck of the U.S.S. *Williamsburg* and bared his white chest to the sun. It was his first trip away from Washington since last March, but it was not complete escape. Each morning, courier seaplanes skimmed into the water alongside the presidential yacht in Chesapeake Bay and delivered locked leather pouches from the White House.

Aboard ship, the President got off two personal letters—neither angry. One was for Britain's Prime Minister Attlee, the other for Iran's Premier Mossadeq. Both discussed Iranian oil; the one that went to Mossadeq expressed "deep concern" about the "explosive" situation and suggested that the two countries get together.

"Deep concern" (in diplomatic talk, midway between a cluck-click and a posture of anxious finger-wagging) was not otherwise apparent in the President's behavior. His other problems were itchy and only skin-deep. Under his jauntiness, there had recently been a note of weariness. His physician, Brigadier General Wallace H. Graham, announced from the yacht that the President was in "swell shape." But the President had been troubled with a nasty head rash, which showed pink above his ears and caused him to reduce the frequency of his haircuts.

Biggest "Yuck." He was living a bachelor life. Bess Truman had gone to spend the summer with the home folks in Missouri. Margaret, accompanied by a White House secretary and a couple of Secret Service men, was touring in Europe (on one of his trips ashore at Washington, father Truman telephoned her across the Atlantic). At Yorktown, Va., former artilleryman Truman went ashore for a two-mile walk at his brisk 120-pace-a-minute stride, and chided newsmen who fell behind. At night, he and his staff, including Administrative Assistant Donald Dawson (the man with the way in the old RFC), played "poverty" poker. Each man put up \$100, could draw from the pool if he ran through that. Quarterdeck conversation

frequently turned toward the President's favorite subject—U.S. history. Harry Truman got the biggest "yuck" out of telling the boys about one of Benjamin Franklin's scatological inventions.

Lapping Problems. The problems of office sometimes lapped on to the deck. The President signed a \$6.4 billion supplemental military appropriations bill, which brought the arms spending for the fiscal year to more than \$48 billion, about three times as much as he was asking before Korea. The President also signed an urgently needed \$365 million deficiency appropriations bill, but complained about a rider which forbids aid to any nation ship-

Kindly Mail One Rusty Nail

The tons of debris which were hauled away from the White House as reconstruction began looked exactly like the lime-whitened junk which wreckers create every time they tear down a moldering tenement. But to thousands of U.S. souvenir collectors it was rich ore, impregnated with history and presidential ecstasms right down to the last chunk of plaster. It was hauled off across the Potomac to Fort Myer, to be dispensed, through a special mail order system, to the clamoring citizenry.

A crew of four warehousemen set to



THE PRESIDENT & NEWSMEN AT YORKTOWN
At night, "poverty" poker.

ping strategic materials to Communist countries. Much had been done to stop such trade, he said, and more could be done through diplomatic "cooperation" than through "coercion." He asked Congress to repeal the rider.

The President also:

¶ Considered the appointment of a new ambassador to Eire to succeed George A. Garrett, resigned. Secretary of the Navy Francis P. Matthews has long been making eyes at the job.

¶ Pondered whether to take to the road on a "give-'em-hell" speaking tour. White House advisers want him to, but Democratic National Chairman Bill Boyle is against it. Boyle thinks that the President would be throwing away his Sunday punch too soon, should wait to tour in 1952.

¶ Granted special leave to Private James Hardcastle of Fort Dix, N.J., so that he could attend the Barnard College Senior Ball with his fiancée, 20-year-old Barbara Ritter of Brooklyn.

¶ Signed a bill allowing each member of the House of Representatives 150 minutes of long-distance calls and 1,000 words of telegrams each month at Government expense. Members from the Far West had complained that the previous allowance—\$500 a year—didn't stretch far enough.

work dividing it up into "White House kits." The smallest (selling for 25¢) consisted of one piece of hand-split lath twelve inches long; the largest (priced at \$100) provided enough brick or stone to face a fireplace. After a certain amount of planning other mounds of debris were divided as follows:

Kit No. 1: enough yellow pine to make a gavel. No. 2: enough to make a cane. No. 3: a piece of old stone and an old lath nail. No. 4 (the most popular): a piece of stone and an old square nail. No. 5 (suitable for a plaque): piece of old pine, old nail, small piece of stone and old copper wire. No. 6: small piece of old metal. No. 7: small piece of old pine. No. 8: piece of lath. No. 9: small piece of stone. No. 10: old brick.

By last week, "Souvenirs, Fort Myer, Va." had received 45,000 inquiries, had mailed out 16,000 kits and taken in \$29,500. An accountant, four women package-wrappers and the ever-tolling warehousemen were hustling more kits into the mails (only one kit to each applicant; no foreign orders accepted) as fast as they could get them ready. Deadline for orders: June 30. After that, the rest of the junk will be preserved for distribution by the official White House family.

SUPREME COURT

Black Day for the Reds

This week, in its final "decision Monday" of the session, the Supreme Court upheld the conspiracy conviction of the eleven top U.S. Communists. The vote was 6 to 2. Chief Justice Vinson, in his 7,000-word majority opinion, called the Communist conspiracy a "clear and present danger."

Justice Holmes's famed dictum, that free speech is hazardous only when such a danger exists, "cannot mean that before the Government may act, it must wait until the *Putsch* is about to be executed, the plans have been laid and the signal is awaited," said Vinson.

Upholding for the first time the constitutionality of the 1940 Smith Act, Justice Vinson held: "An attempt to overthrow the Government by force, even though doomed from the outset because of inadequate numbers of power of the revolutionists, is a sufficient evil for the Congress to prevent."

The dissenters, Justices Black and Douglas, commented bitterly in separate opinions. Said Black: "Public opinion being what it now is, few will protest the conviction of these Communist petitioners. There is hope, however, that in calmer times . . . this or some later court will restore the first-amendment liberties to the high, preferred place where they belong in a free society . . . No matter how it is worded, this is a virulent form of prior censorship of speech and press."

Said Douglas: "We deal here with speech alone, not with speech plus acts of sabotage or unlawful conduct." He went on to ridicule the notion of a clear and present danger from U.S. Reds: "Communism in the world scene is no bogeyman; but Communists as a political faction or party in this country plainly is." U.S. Communists, he said, are "merchants of unwanted ideas."

The eleven convicted Communists have been out on from \$20,000 to \$30,000 bail apiece. They were convicted in Federal Judge Harold Medina's court 20 months ago and sentenced to penitentiary terms.

In other opinions, the Court:

☐ Upheld the contempt-of-court sentences of the Communists' six lawyers, for their raucous courtroom conduct.

☐ Ruled that cities may compel employees to take loyalty oaths, but may not fire them solely on grounds of past membership in the Communist Party. On this, the court split 5-4.

ARMED FORCES

Academy Man

For an officer of the U.S. Navy, and an Annapolis man at that, Lieut. (j.g.) William H. Evans was an odd shipmate. To the men on board the radar picket destroyer *Rogers*, patrolling Korean waters, he would frequently sound off against the kind of war they were in. He was a bitter partisan in shipboard bull sessions.

A 1948 Academy graduate (last in his

class of 410), Evans had resigned his commission after a year to concentrate on a master's degree in foreign relations at the University of Maryland, had returned to duty when the Korean war began.

Last March, Lieut. Evans could contain himself no longer. On the ship's bulletin board, he posted a letter he had received, and dashed off a reply to its author, wealthy Manhattan Importer Alfred Kohlberg, violent critic of U.S. China policy and ammunition handler for Senator Joe McCarthy.

"Keep up the good work," he wrote Kohlberg. "I posted your open letter for all the officers on the ship to read . . . That pro-Soviet . . . Administration of ours and our senile, ignorant Congress would rather have Americans slaughtered than attack Red China . . . Damn the United Nations . . . The Roosevelt-Tru-



KOHLBERG & EVANS
From the Navy, an outraged howl.

man - Acheson - United Nations followers should be loaded on ships and used as shock troops in Korea. God bless Alfred Kohlberg. There are too few like him, though."

Kohlberg sent the letter to every member of Congress (Lieut. Evans had given him permission to publish it). The Navy, getting wind, let out an outraged howl at so blatant a defiance of regulations, convened a Board of Inquiry. Last week the Navy found Lieut. Evans guilty of "grave misconduct" for his abusive language and breach of clearance regulations, stripped him of his commission, and gave him a discharge.

By week's end, ex-Lieut. Evans was back home in Edgewater, Md. "If you are pro-American," he cried angrily, "you have to go underground or else suffer the consequences." Then he enrolled again in the University of Maryland and went back to work on his master's thesis. Title: *Truman and Stalin at Potsdam*.

Military Justice

As one more milestone on the road to unification, the armed forces established a system of equal justice for one & all. The Pentagon issued the first of 450,000 service manuals creating uniform disciplinary procedures for the Army, Navy, Air Force and Coast Guard. The revised laws:

☐ Put three new offenses on the books: "missing movement," i.e., missing the departure of a ship, aircraft or ground unit; "misconduct as a prisoner of war in the hands of the enemy"; "drunken or reckless driving."

☐ Gave every enlisted man the right to demand that one-third of his court-martial be fellow enlisted men. Army and Air Force men have had this privilege, but not the Navy or Marines.*

☐ Reduced solitary confinement on bread & water (more or less hallowed custom dating back to earliest Navy days) from 30 days to a maximum of three days, and then only when the offender is actually "attached to or embarked in a vessel."

☐ Kept as mementos of harsher days the Navy's stern warning against punishment by "flogging, branding, marking, tattooing on the body, or any other cruel or unusual punishment," and the Army's ban on punishment by "carrying a loaded knapsack, shaving the head, placarding, pillorying, placing in stocks, or tying up by the thumbs."

☐ Reworded the charge against a fighting man's desertion under fire. In the old law it was directed against one who "pusillanimously cries for quarter"; in the new, it is one who "is guilty of cowardly conduct." The penalty, now as before: death.

After 168 Years

"The citizens of America . . . from 18 to 50 years of age should be borne on the Militia Rolls, provided with uniform arms, and . . . accustomed to the use of them." So urged George Washington in 1783. Last week, 168 years later, the U.S. Congress took the first big step towards Universal Military Training for all men when they reach 18. Delightedly, Assistant Secretary of Defense Anna Rosenberg got Texas' Senator Lyndon Johnson on the phone. "George Washington started it," she said, "and you finished it."

Actually, U.M.T. is far from a finished project. Congress approved it, but insisted on the right to look it over again before the plan starts. The bill sets up this labyrinthine process: 1) the President will appoint a National Security Training Commission of five members—three prominent civilians and two military officers; 2) within four months the commission will recommend to the Armed Services Committees of Congress a detailed U.M.T. plan approved by the Secretary of Defense; 3) no more than 45 days later the committees will pass on the bills; 4) after Congress adopts a specific plan and when

* A privilege G.I.s are learning to shun. Reason: non-coms are even tougher than officers on "eight balls."

youths under 19 are no longer being drafted for regular military service, Congress or the President may order the program started.

Despite these limitations, the bill was a personal victory for hard-working Senator Johnson, a World War II Navy lieutenant commander. U.M.T. could be ready to operate within a year. When (and if) it gets going, every 18-year-old will get six months' training, then go on reserve status for 7½ years.

U.M.T. was tacked on to a bill which extends the draft until July 1, 1955 and makes these changes in it:

- ¶ Minimum draft age will be lowered from 19 to 18½, with registration at 18. Service is extended from 21 to 24 months, plus six years in reserve. High-school students may be deferred until they are 20, college students until the end of the school year.
- ¶ Land-force recruits must have four months' training before they go overseas. Navy recruits may be trained on the sea.
- ¶ Physical standards will be lowered, making eligible 150,000 now considered 4-Fs.
- ¶ There will be a ceiling of 5,000,000 on the armed forces. In the service now: nearly 3,500,000.

THE CONGRESS

Education of a Senator

A Senator booted out of office by the fickle electorate usually vanishes from the public eye like a golf ball driven into the rough. But the brassie of public displeasure had a different effect on Illinois' Scott Lucas, the former Democratic floor leader, and Pennsylvania's Francis Myers, the former Democratic whip. Last week they were right back in the capital again—this time as 1) lobbyists, and 2) critics of the Administration.

When they appeared as witnesses before the House Banking & Currency Committee last week, both lifted their hands in consternation at Regulation W, the section of the Defense Production Act of 1950 limiting credit buying, for which both joyfully voted.

Lucas—who now represents U.S. automobile finance dealers—cried that it was “unconscionable and inequitable.” Myers is now a Washington representative for an outfit called the National Foundation for Consumer Credit. He is wiser now, he said. “A Senator is against inflation and somebody hands him something like Regulation W, and he hasn't much time and he's told it's against inflation so he accepts it . . . People should be educated as this Senator—after study, thought and consideration—was. The fact is,” he added righteously, “Regulation W is highly inflationary . . .”

Their onetime archenemy, Ohio's G.O.P. Senator John W. Bricker, could hardly contain himself on hearing their new line. “That,” he kept repeating triumphantly, “was the argument I used three years ago when this bill came up!”

TEXAS

“I Wish I Could Tell You”

A big, blue and white banner reading “Welcome Jim Sewell” was stretched across the front of R. S. High's insurance office in Blooming Grove, Texas (pop. 821). Jim Sewell couldn't read the words, but he could sense what was going on.

Jim grew up in around Blooming Grove, was on the U.S.S. *Hornet* in Manila Bay in 1944 when an unreleased bomb on an incoming plane exploded. A fragment struck him in the head, injured the optic nerve, left him almost totally blind.

After training in schools for the blind, Jim enrolled at the University of Texas, got fellow students to read to him, was soon on the honor roll. His prewar sweetheart married him, and they bought a house with his G.I. money. Last October,



JIM SEWELL

From friends, a brassbound desk.

he passed the state bar examination, ranking fourth in a group of 300. He had developed a phenomenal memory, not only for what was in the books, but for the sound of people's voices. He learned to follow a conversation by shifting his eyes from one speaker to another, instead of turning an ear as blind people are apt to do. Hearing the Cellophane on a cigarette package crackle, he would have a light extended by the time the smoker was ready.

He got interested in politics, ran for the state legislature, got elected. There he memorized long sections of bills, quickly in his freshman term became a leader. His principal fight: for a new natural gas tax for roads and schools. “I enjoy politics,” said Jim, “and it's a good way to do good for your country.”

Last week the citizens of Blooming Grove and Texans for miles around turned out to honor 39-year-old Jim Sewell. He came up from Austin with his wife Janet and their two-year-old son Jimmy to give

the commencement address at the Consolidated High School. Next day, a big truck trailer was pulled up in front of the First State Bank for a speakers' platform. There were speeches and telegrams predicting that he would one day be governor. Mrs. G. E. Ramsey, who taught him grammar, said: “Jim, I'm wearing red shoes and a red flower and two coats of lipstick and my earbobs, all for you.”

Then some big Texans hauled out a huge, walnut-finished, brass-trimmed desk and a leather-upholstered chair. The citizens had bought it for the law office Jim intends to open. They made him sit in the chair, try the drawers of the desk.

“I had a speech all made up,” said Jim with tears in his blind eyes, “but I got so flabbergasted I can't make it. I wish I could tell you what's in my mind.”

COLORADO

Going Out in Style

Ever since his sister died four years ago, James Nelson Gernhart had talked of nothing but death and funerals. “Old Jim” had blown a fuse at the way his relatives tried to bury his sister: “They wanted to give her a stinking little three hundred-dollar funeral, bury her like a dog, but I stepped in and stopped that.” Now, at 75, old Jim was alone and he wanted everybody in tiny (pop. 2,200) Burlington, Colo. to know that he, at least, was going out in style.

He went over to Kanorado and hired himself a preacher, the Rev. S. H. Mahaffey of the Full Gospel Church. Then he plunked down part of his savings for a \$3,600 solid copper casket. When the word got around, some folks didn't think it right that Jim should have a funeral when he wasn't even dead. The singers Jim had engaged suddenly backed out and the school board wouldn't let him have the Community Center auditorium. But the publisher of the town's paper was on Old Jim's side. “Some church people think this is sacrilegious,” he said, “but old Gernhart knows his Bible and he defied the ministers to show where there is anything wrong with it.” Old Jim substituted records of his favorite hymns for the singers and rented the town's armory. Then one afternoon last week, Old Jim invited everyone in to see his funeral.

Nearly a thousand people filed into the dimly lit armory, sat solemnly down on folding chairs and waited. Promptly at 2 p.m. a hearse rolled up to the door. Eighteen honorary pallbearers formed a double line while eight old friends carried in the casket. Old Jim walked behind the casket, hat in hand, a properly sad expression on his weather-beaten face. The preacher began his text: “He that believeth in me though he be dead yet shall he live.” Old Jim turned, beaming, to a friend. “Ain't that guy a preaching fool? I'm gonna set him up for life.” Tears gathered in his eyes when the recorded strain of *Beautiful Isle of Somewhere* floated out over the armory.

Finally, after 55 minutes, the funeral

was over. The piano played *Rock of Ages*; Old Jim wrote out a \$100 check for the minister and marched happily out. "Now I don't care what they do with me when I die," he said. "I've got myself fixed up real good."

MASSACHUSETTS

"Jump! Jump! Jump!"

The crowd began gathering in front of Boston's old red brick Touraine Hotel before anyone inside knew that someone had climbed out a ninth-floor window and was teetering on a ledge high above Boylston Street. The Touraine faces Boston Common like a stage set; within minutes, traffic was inexorably jammed and thousands were jostling together in the afternoon drizzle, heads back, faces eager, eyes fixed on the improbable figure high above them.

The ledge-walker was a teen-age boy in a wine red shirt and khaki pants. He dropped his jacket. The crowd rumbled as it fell. "Jump!" bawled a voice from the street. The figure swayed out, then shrank back, arms reaching toward windows on either side. New cries arose: "C'mon! Jump! Get the show on the road!"

At first, a great many spectators had been yelling in fun, apparently in the belief that they were watching a publicity stunt for the Boston showing of "Fourteen Hours," a motion picture based on a death leap from Manhattan's Gotham Hotel. But as time passed, an excited, nervous tension seemed to build up among the craning throng. "Jump!" they yelled. The voices in the street kept on for one hour and 35 minutes. For one hour and 35 minutes people peering from a window of the room nearest the boy fought against the crowd in a kind of insane debate.

Girl at the Window. The first would-be rescuers—a bellhop, a traveling salesman, a sweating, gentle-voiced detective—could see nothing of the boy but one dirty hand which gripped the window facing. Eying it, they pleaded. After a while, the dirty fingers groped toward them and took a lighted cigarette. But then the crowd sounds swelled below—the fingers had slipped the cigarette out and down. "Come in," the detective cajoled. A voice beyond the hand mumbled, "Why should I?"

"Jump!" yelled the crowd. But one among them, a 21-year-old waitress named Mrs. Marilynne Giannattasio, began pushing fiercely toward the hotel. As she came into the lobby the bellhops turned to watch her. "Stacked," was their word for Marilynne. Her dark hair flowed to her shoulders, her lipstick was a defiant red, her earrings jangled. Marilynne did not notice them; after one horrified look she had been moved by a sudden, pitying compulsion to save the figure on the ledge.

When the cops tried to bar her way, she lied desperately: "I know him. I can stop him." They let her into the room. She leaned out. The boy had dark hair and a long jaw; his eyes were sullen, sly, dazed. He was standing on a sloping, twelve-inch rim of stone, his toes lower than his heels.



Associated Press
ALBERT THOMAS & FRIENDS
A kind of insane debate.

He let himself sway out. The girl remonstrated indignantly: she had trouble too; she had a 17-month-old baby and the baby was blind. "You should jump!"

Little by little the boy began to talk. His name was Louis Turini. No, his name was really Albert Santos. But they had misunderstood in the Army and put him down as Albert Thomas. Now he was AWOL—two weeks AWOL. He complained about his divorced parents, his boyhood in Boston's slums. He babbled in bewildered tones about a girl. "My girl ran off with a musician. He smokes marijuana. I know she's ruined..."

Cop in the Closet. After a while he let the waitress hold his hand. Then he slipped, almost fell, and jerked away like a trapped animal. Hundreds clapped hands and yelled in unison, like a baseball crowd demanding a rally. A girl, giggling beside a sailor, said: "I'm the gory type. I want to see him jump." A matron in a lavender hat darted into the cleared space just below the boy, arms outstretched. "Jump," she called. "I'll catch you." Up on his dizzy perch, the boy called to Marilynne in a strained voice: "They want me to jump."

By now a new voice was speaking to him. A Jesuit priest, the Rev. Joseph P. Curran, had seen him from the street, had hurried to the room, had asked the police to leave. He talked quietly. Finally the

boy put one leg through the open window. Then he stopped: "It's a cop trick."

The priest shook his head, and to prove there were no cops around, threw the closet door open. To his own surprise there was a red-faced policeman inside. The boy scrambled back on the ledge, stood swaying, staring down. The policeman hurried out of the room. The priest began again. After a long time, the boy edged back to the window. Trembling, he stepped inside. He wept. A cop burst in and slammed down the window. Marilynne took a few sagging steps and fainted. Below, the crowd straggled reluctantly and noisily away. "No," someone yelled. "But almost!" A Navy commander with three rows of campaign ribbons said quietly: "In two wars I've never seen anything so horrible. It makes you hate people."

AIR

"All That Ice"

Pan American World Airways' Captain Charles Blair, on a busman's holiday one day last winter, streaked across the Atlantic at 450 m.p.h. in his own war-surplus F-51 Mustang, and broke the nonstop New York-to-London record by an hour and seven minutes. Ever since, back on the job as boss pilot of a transatlantic Stratocruiser, he worked over plans for an interesting way to get his maroon *Excalibur III* back home.

Early one morning last week, 41-year-old Airman Blair jammed his 6 ft. 2 in. frame into the fighter's cockpit, gunned down the runway at Bardufoss, Norway, and headed north towards the Pole. Sealed off from tip to tip, his wings held 86½ gallons of gas, enough for 5,000 miles. Soon the sea 22,000 feet below gave way to icy ridges and plateaus. A Norwegian Air Force Catalina flying boat patrolling near Spitzbergen gave him a radio call as he whisked past, reported back that Captain Blair was right on course. Hour after hour, the Mustang bored through the blue-grey sunlit haze over the icecap. Blair sat hunched behind his oxygen mask occasionally shooting the sun with a sextant.

Finally, faint radio signals from a radio range came in over his set. Blair homed in on them, crossed Alaska's northern coastline just one minute off his schedule. He refueled near Fairbanks, roared east at 25,000 feet across Canada, munching a roast beef sandwich between gulps of oxygen. Nine hours later, he set his Mustang down on the runway at New York's Idlewild airport. He was the first man ever to fly solo across the hazardous North Pole route in a single-engine plane.

Had there been any trouble crossing the Pole? "No," said Blair, a veteran of 23 years and 3,000,000 miles of flying. "It was a very easy flight. I got a nosebleed once and couldn't reach back for a handkerchief. The engine kept throwing oil on the canopy, so I couldn't see too well up ahead. The wings were leaking a little gas, and I didn't want to make any rough landings. But if anything had gone wrong, there was all that ice instead of water to set down on."

WAR IN ASIA

DIPLOMATIC FRONT

Cease-Fire Talk

The air was thick with talk about a truce. Echoing Dean Acheson (*see* NATIONAL AFFAIRS), U.N. Secretary General Trygve Lie said in a speech at Ottawa: "The time has come for a new effort to end the fighting in Korea." Now that the aggressors had been thrown back, said Lie, a truce might be arranged at the 38th parallel. "The way is open for a cease-fire if the North Koreans and their supporters . . . are ready to join with the United Nations in stopping the bloodshed." (He added that if the Communists refused, U.N. members would have to contribute additional forces for continued war.)

The pause in the Eighth Army's pursuit in Korea (*see below*) underlined Lie's words. London eagerly approved; Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison declared that a "psychological moment" had arrived for a truce. Into this flurry of wishful activity Ambassador Ernest A. Gross, U.S. delegate to the U.N., dropped a timely reminder. "Peace efforts," he said, "thus far have been entirely from one side—the U.N. side."

At week's end there was no sign that the other side—the aggressors' side—was ready to call a halt in Korea.

STRATEGY

"Fluid Stalemate"

Said Lieut. General James Van Fleet: "The Eighth Army's pursuit phase has now ended with the clearing, again, of enemy units from South Korea . . . The Eighth Army will continue, however . . . when necessary and profitable, [to] meet [enemy] threats within North Korea."



GENERAL VAN FLEET
Trying for a truce?

International



CHINESE IN PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP
600,000 were still ready to fight.

International

Only the week before, Van Fleet had spoken far more boldly about disregarding the 38th parallel and stabbing into North Korea. Was he now trying for a truce with the enemy? Van Fleet hastily issued a second statement asserting that he had only outlined a tactical situation. His remarks, which may or may not have been suggested by Washington, would in fact fit in with various efforts on the international scene to obtain a truce (*see above*). But the plain military fact in Korea was that the Chinese Communists themselves, not the U.N. forces, had ended the "pursuit phase."

After their headlong retreat two weeks ago, the Chinese caught their breath, stiffened, and fought. U.N. forces moved ahead slowly in some sectors. Their chief objective: the Reds' forward supply areas. The war ground on in what one reporter called a "fluid stalemate." U.N. commanders were sure that the Reds would try another offensive push, estimated that despite heavy casualties they had 600,000 troops ready to fight in Korea. Said U.N. Commander General Ridgway: "With [the Chinese Communists] there is no compromise, and for us there is no choice."

BATTLE OF KOREA

Another Triangle

On four main corridors leading into North Korea, the Communists stood tall week and fought ably, stubbornly. Well-executed Chinese counterattacks frequently stopped allied spearheads and turned them back. At some points, U.N. and Red infantrymen lobbed grenades at each other from strongpoints several yards apart. A Negro squad leader of the 25th Division's 24th Regiment, asked by telephone

if he was in close contact with the enemy, answered: "Close contact, sir? We're eyeball to eyeball."

The Chinese brought up artillery and laid down heavy barrages. In the mountainous center, they were defending the approaches to another "iron triangle," somewhat smaller and farther to the north than the one through which they had staged their spring offensive. On a stretch of road south of the triangle, 1,600 Chinese shells fell in the space of 75 minutes. For four days in a row, U.S. columns attacking toward the triangle's western corner were stopped in their tracks.

New Posttime. East of the Hwachon Reservoir, the Chinese held open their escape routes while most of their stragglers got out of South Korea.

Heavy rains of the beginning monsoon season mired the roads and hampered air support. This week, nevertheless, the Eighth Army stood approximately on the line, well across the parallel along most of the front, which it had occupied in April when the Reds launched their bloody spring push. Washington's estimate of enemy casualties for the second phase, including those inflicted by allied air action, soared to 162,000. Added to the 90,000 estimated for the first phase, this made a total of a quarter-million. U.N. soldiers found a grisly new way to occupy their time, when they were not fighting: counting the enemy dead whose bodies drifted past them in Korea's muddy, rain-swollen streams. At one point on the east-central front, one G.I. counted 80 in a single day.

"The Last I Saw . . ." The toll included a bag of 10,000 Chinese prisoners—more than three times as many as had surrendered in all the previous months since Red China's intervention. Early last

week, while the Red defense was just firming up, a group of 300 Chinese surrendered to U.S. airmen. They had been hit hard by artillery, and when the planes came over they leaped out of their holes, waving white cloths or holding their hands over their heads. While the planes circled, the Chinese walked to a British infantry position and gave themselves up.

One Chinese tried to surrender to Major General Clark Ruffner, pugnacious commander of the U.S. 2nd Division. "This guy stepped out of the woods," said Ruffner, "and walked up to my jeep with his hands in the air. I couldn't stop to fool with him, so I motioned him to sit down beside the road and wait for the approaching column. He did. The last I saw of him, he was still squatting there waiting for someone to take him in."

But neither one nor 10,000 Chinese prisoners remotely suggested that Red China was finished.

MEN AT WAR

"We've Got Faith"

In civilian life, Lieut. Colonel Holly Anderson of Lewiston, Idaho was an automotive parts salesman. In World War II he managed to get into the Air Force, although he was over age, picked up the nickname, "Have Faith," because, with a salesman's cheerfulness, he often told his crews that faith would get them home.

Now, at 36, "Have Faith" Anderson commands a squadron of the 98th Bomb Group in Korea. His lumbering Superforts, like their pilots, are almost all veterans of another war. One day last week, Anderson led four Japan-based B-29s toward the rail bridges at Kwaksan. Before they had a chance to release their bombs, 30 MIGs jumped the mission and his cover of F-86s.

Attack from the Sun. Anderson was riding in a B-29 piloted by Captain Warren Cook of Vacaville, Calif. As Anderson told it later to a *TIME* correspondent: "There they were, eight or ten streamers [vapor trails], a beautiful picture. We turned 18° to get all the tail wind we could. As we turned, the MIGs went over past us. They were going to turn into us from the sun, make head-on passes and pick us off.

"But as the MIG leader went over—that was the place where he couldn't see me—I turned toward the coast. It would take him about four minutes to go up and turn back. We'd be that much ahead of the game. West of Sinanju the gunners reported the MIGs again, 9 o'clock high, forming for attack. I pulled the formation together and instructed the pilots to make shallow turns into the Red fighters. That would get us near them faster, give them less shooting time.

"About then we noticed that our diamond man [plane in last position in the formation] was burning. His No. 3 engine was on fire. We turned out to the coast to cover him. And he pulled under us. Later, the boys saw chutes come out of the 29 below. The MIGs kept pressing the at-

tack. We could feel shudders as they passed under.

"Then we got hit in the tail. We lost cabin pressure. Instruments started reading zero. All the time, this battle was going south. I think the MIGs finally broke off the attack at Pyongyang.

"About this point, our left gunner said we had a fire in the wing between the engines. We prepared to bail out, but then we decided to ride it out for a while. All the time we were headed for our secondary target, the marshaling yards at Sariwon. You know, you're up there in a million-dollar airplane. Damn it, you've got to bomb."

Ready to Jump. "So we bombed, right on the yards, and kept on coming down. Then we smelled gasoline in the plane. Somebody said the radar man was putting out a fire that was coming in from the wing. We got ready to jump again. We



AMERICAN LEGION PARIS POST I
LIEUT. BERNARD DE LATTRE & FATHER
Heroes.

shut off our power, went on the emergency intercom. I still had faith.

"God bless the Marine Corps! They came up in a plane and looked us over. They said the fire was out and we looked fine, except our bomb-bay doors were hanging open. So we got to an airfield and told the tower we'd like to land, except that we might burn on the way in.

"We gave the crew members a choice again of jumping or riding it down in. One of them said: 'Hell, we've come this far. We've got faith. Let's go in.' We made a normal landing. [Only one of Anderson's four bombers was lost.]

"I don't know why we didn't blow up. Three MIG shells had hit us. You could look in the hole on the wing and see gasoline. You could reach right in and grab a handful. But if you're really trying, there's always a way out of all these deals. Not that I don't always carry a razor and toothbrush and all that, just in case."

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA Objective: Food

Viet Minh Communists, holed up in the bare limestone hills around the mouth of the Red River, looked down on the rice harvesters in the fertile, French-held delta, and decided they must fight for their food. The tactical plan: infiltrate guerrilla bands into the busy harvest land to extort grain from the peasants, carry it back into the hills at night. To cover their rice forays, they first launched a strong diversionary attack.

Some 40,000 Red soldiers launched their attack on a broad front along the Day River, a southern outlet of the big Red River. They stormed French blockhouses, surrounded French outposts. Fearing a major Communist offensive, the French rushed patrols and commando units from other parts of the delta to block the Communists. For 24 hours both sides fought bitterly; then the Communists were driven off. But their tactical plan went on working; next day the French found that, while they were concentrating on the battle, Communist rice-gathering bands had penetrated 20 miles into the delta. The French settled down to the job of cleaning them out.

Meanwhile, twelve miles southeast of the main battle theater, three Communist regiments attacked the small autonomous province of Phat Diem. The French threw in a parachute battalion to defend it against the Reds.

Soldier's Son

Bernard de Lattre de Tassigny was the fighting son of a fighting father. He was 12 when the Nazis conquered France. At 16, he made his way out across the Pyrenees and through Spain to North Africa, where his father, General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, was already organizing what later became the French First Army. Young Bernard enlisted in the Free French army in 1944, landed with the Allies in the south of France, went on with the French army into Germany, won a Médaille Militaire and a Croix de Guerre with palm. Last week, in Indo-China, Lieut. Bernard de Lattre, 23, won his second Croix de Guerre.

At the height of the Day River battle (see above), Bernard de Lattre, leading a platoon of Vietnamese troops, volunteered to hold an isolated position in order to give French forces who had been cut off a chance to fight their way clear. Read the citation: "Completely isolated, he resisted victoriously during the whole night . . . all the assaults of a fanatical enemy mass." During the night, a mortar shell hit the young platoon leader. Concluded the citation: "He fell heroically, giving an example of the finest military virtues."

Two days after the battle, General Jean de Lattre flew home to France. In his big Douglas Skymaster in three coffins were the bodies of French soldiers, killed in Indo-China, sent home for burial in France. One of them was the body of his only son.

INTERNATIONAL

THE NATIONS

Up to Moscow

The U.S. turned the table on the Russians. During the thirteen weary weeks the deputy foreign ministers' meeting has been bumping along in Paris, the Reds have insisted that the West is stalling. Last week the West decided to show the world clearly who was doing the stalling. U.S. Delegate Philip Jessup handed Gromyko a note inviting Russia to a Foreign Ministers Conference to open in Washington on July 23, and to talk about the five agenda items already agreed on: German demilitarization; Austrian peace treaty; German unity; Italian, Rumanian, Bulgarian, Hungarian peace treaties; status of Trieste.

Not on the proposed agenda: NATO and U.S. bases in Europe, which Gromyko wants included. The West feels that inclusion of NATO would imply 1) that it is open to discussion as a threat to peace, 2) that the West will bargain on this issue.

This week, Moscow accepted the U.S. bid on the unacceptable condition that the agenda include NATO and U.S. bases.

COMMUNISTS

Buchenwald to Kolyma

Soviet Russia was on trial. In a glittering hall of Brussels' Egmont Palace, six black-robed men and one woman sat in judgment over an entire regime. They had been chosen by the International Commission Against Concentration Camp Regimes, an organization of 100,000 survivors of Nazi camps, to decide whether the Russians run a similar system. Said Prosecutor David Rousset, a French writer and former Nazi prisoner: "For the first time, the men who lived at Auschwitz and Buchenwald are going to hear men who lived through Kolyma and Magadan."

For four days the judges, all laymen and former Nazi camp inmates, worked through mountains of documents and 300 written depositions, quizzed 25 witnesses with knowing questions: "How many hours a day did you work? . . . What kind of work did you do? . . . How were hygienic conditions?"

Witness Vladimir Andreev, a former Russian camp inspector, estimated the Russian slave-labor population at between 12 million and 14 million; the total number of prisoners at 20 million. Sixty percent of these, he thought, were political prisoners.

After a week's sifting of evidence, presiding Judge Alfred Balachovsky last week read the tribunal's verdict: Forced-labor camps, recognized by Soviet criminal law, exist in Russia; the concentration-camp system is widespread; liberated prisoners can never return to normal life; living conditions in the camps systematically dehumanize the prisoners.

Balachovsky scrupulously pointed out

differences between the Russian and German camps: the Reds do not perform scientific experiments on the prisoners, do not practice racial extermination; the possibility of release does exist. But, he concluded: the court "condemns before universal public opinion the Soviet concentration camps . . . already condemned by history."

NATO

Ike's Men

The men of the U.S. 4th Division who landed in Germany last week had moved into camps in the U.S. zone and were getting ready for their job. The first installment of the 100,000-man U.S. expeditionary force promised NATO Commander Ike

Army in Germany begins its transition from occupation duties to combat readiness, and times are likely to get a bit harder.

A new training program will leave combat soldiers little time for recreation. Commanded by Major General Harlan N. Hartness, 53, a tough, weatherbeaten West Pointer, the 4th will find itself very often working from 4 in the morning until dark. There will be plenty of all-night alerts. All combat units will spend grueling weeks at Grafenwöhr, a 100-square-mile training ground on the Czech border, where Hitler trained his Afrika Korps.

Combat training in thickly populated, highly cultivated Germany is not as simple as in the vast forest and desert areas of the U.S. Fighter bombers must fly across the



U.S. Army Photo—Associated Press
MEN OF THE 4TH MARCHING TO CAMP NEAR MANNHEIM, GERMANY
Less fun and games; more combat readiness.

Eisenhower this year, the 4th (with some contingents still on the way) was wrapped into the U.S. Seventh Army of about 90,000 U.S. soldiers already in Germany, under Lieut. General Manton S. Eddy, one of George Patton's World War II corps commanders. Other units already on the ground as occupation troops: the famed 1st Division and snappy well-trained units of the U.S. Constabulary, adding up to another division.

The newcomers of the 4th Division were quick to get the word from the occupation troops: U.S. soldiers never had it so good. They can go almost anywhere and do almost anything without paying anybody. On a generous furlough schedule, they can run over to such recreation centers as Berchtesgaden and Garmisch in the Bavarian Alps on "temporary duty," stay in some of the world's most luxurious hotels for 10¢ a day.

But with the arrival of the 4th, the U.S.

Mediterranean to Tripoli for target practice. The Army's biggest antiaircraft guns must be transported up to the Danish frontier in the British zone for firing. The 4th will not find any area in Germany large enough for its divisional maneuvers. One of the emerging facts of military history is that Hitler's generals managed to train more than 100 divisions of his *Wehrmacht* without being able to maneuver a unit larger than a regiment. Says General Thomas Handy, boss, under Eisenhower, of the European Command (EUCOM): "I guess we can do it, too."

In the past, most U.S. troops in Europe have been regulars. The 4th is a citizen army—75% of its officers are reservists; nearly all of its soldiers are post-Korea draftees. Last week Lieut. General Eddy served notice on the men that he intended to make professionals out of them. His first order: "Look like soldiers, think like soldiers, conduct yourselves like soldiers."

FOREIGN NEWS

CHINA

The First Million

Premier Chou En-lai, a mandarin's son whose smiling, suave manner had once persuaded many U.S. diplomats that he was one of the "all right" Communists, last week quietly announced a stupendous fact. Summing up the accomplishments of 20 months of Red rule, Chou reported that the Communist government has killed 1,000,000 "saboteurs" and Nationalist guerrillas.* The figure does not include an estimated 500,000 executed in the current purge of "counter-revolutionaries."

But some people are slow to recognize the nature of the Communist Chinese regime—even when they get the word from the regime itself. From all the signs, for instance, India's Prime Minister Nehru and his advisers are still of the opinion that the Peking regime is the best government China has had in centuries.

K. R. Damle, a special emissary from India's Ministry of Food and Agriculture, was on his way home from Peking last week after concluding a deal whereby half-starving China agreed to sell famine-ridden India some 500,000 tons of milo and rice (although China could ill afford the gesture—floods and drought had destroyed 20 million acres of Chinese crops).

Stopping over in Hong Kong, Damle, with a smile and a shrug, told a reporter that the stories of Red China's purge had been greatly exaggerated. "Some few hundreds have been shot in Peking and its neighborhood," said he, "but these were mostly scoundrels who have committed misdemeanors under the old regime and who are receiving their just deserts." Furthermore, Damle added in admiring tones, Communist China's trains are running on time.

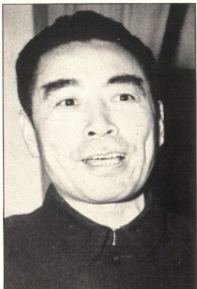
Ex-Smasheroo

Wu Hsun was an illiterate Shantung peasant who was kicked, starved, beaten and left to freeze as a reward for his ignorance. But Wu had vision and persistence. He determined to beg money for free schools so that other poor children should not grow up as he did. He stood in the cold outside rich men's houses for hours waiting for a dropped coin. Once he knelt begging for three days outside an official's mansion. By 1896, his persistence had earned him enough to build three schools and make him a legend among Chinese schoolchildren.

Last fall Shanghai's Kun Lun studios put one of their top director-writers, Sun

Yu, to work on a script about the persistent peasant. Early this year, *The Life of Wu Hsun* unfolded on movie screens across the land. The film was a smasheroo. Newspapers and magazines turned hand-springs to praise it. Communist writers acclaimed Wu as a "great new revolutionary hero." Author-Director Sun was sitting pretty—or thought he was.

Such moviemakers as Russia's Sergei Eisenstein—who got in trouble by making *Car Ivan* the Terrible look too terrible—could have told Sun that the party line is not easily threaded through a movie projector. Just as Sun's acclaim was reaching its peak, Peking's *People's Daily* thundered that "his *Life of Wu Hsun* . . . showed that reactionary thoughts of the



COMMUNIST CHOU EN-LAI
Ahead of Herod, behind Hitler.

capitalistic class had seeped into the Communist Party." Far from being a hero of the people, Wu was a dangerous fool "who did not realize that his suffering was due to class oppression," and who committed the grave error of turning for help to the rich. Besides, the movie showed him pleading during a peasant uprising: "Killing people—is that the right thing?" China's Red spokesmen, who believe that it is (see above) concluded: "Wu Hsun behaved in a quixotic manner. His course was not the course of the masses." Party organizations in every city which had shown the film were ordered to start "re-indoctrination" courses on Wu.

"No matter what were my subjective hopes," groveled Writer Sun in a penitent doubletalk that sounded like a direct translation from the Russian, "the objective realization has proved to me that *The Life of Wu Hsun* . . . is a movie harmful to the people. I can only hope to learn a lesson from my mistake and my failure."

IRAN

A Few Degrees Cooler

Iran's frail, faint-prone Premier Mohammed Mossadeq last week left the Parliament building, where he had been holed up for 20 days in fear of assassins, and moved back to his home. The Iranian situation, for weeks as black as oil, was getting just a shade brighter.

A Matter of Terms. Both the Iranians and the British wanted to negotiate, but on different terms. The British wanted to send a government delegation, obviously intending to dicker over Iran's legal right to nationalize the oil fields. The Iranian government wanted to talk only to Anglo-Iranian company officials and only about how the company could help the Iranians take over. Mossadeq's government issued a virtual ultimatum to the British officials, asking them to help the Iranians and get ready to do it within five days.

In Britain's House of Commons, Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison publicly accepted "some form of nationalization." Three days later, Mossadeq rose from a sick bed to receive U.S. Ambassador Henry Grady, who delivered a personal message from President Harry Truman. Gist of it: "Iran's independence is absolutely essential . . . The flow of Iran's oil is absolutely essential . . ." Now that Foreign Secretary Morrison was ready to accept "the principle of nationalization," it looked as if negotiations for a settlement might begin. "I am sure," concluded Truman, "Your Excellency is aware of the possible explosive consequences . . ."

A Matter of Principle. Mossadeq read Truman's message before a closed session of the Iranian Senate. "The British," the Premier complained, "agree only to some form of nationalization. How can we consider the question solved?" Mossadeq's position was still that Britain must unconditionally accept the principle of Anglo-Iranian's nationalization. "We have burned all bridges behind us," cried Hussein Makki, secretary of the commission to take over the oilfields. "Either we shall reach our goal . . . or we shall be destroyed, and the world with us."

Just when it looked as if no common ground could be found, Anglo-Iranian agreed to send representatives to Teheran for "full and frank discussions." Firebrand Makki cooled off a few degrees, called Anglo-Iranian's gesture "satisfactory." The government was reported ready to postpone the actual take-over of Anglo-Iranian, pending the talks.

Agreement was still a long way off, but for the first time in weeks it seemed at least possible.

* The message given to Mossadeq was actually a copy of a message sent at the same time to Britain's Prime Minister Clement Attlee. The mixup resulted from a cable snafu. Embarrassed Washington officials explained that there were "no essential differences" in the two messages.

* Putting China's Red masters well up in history's hierarchy of political purgers. Highest reliable estimates for Herod's slaughter of the Innocents, 20,000; Catherine de Medici's 16th Century massacre of the Huguenots, 50,000; France's 18th Century "terror," 30,000; Russia's Red Terror (1918-21), 50,000; Stalin's deliberate starving of Ukrainian peasants, 5,000,000; and Hitler's extermination of Germany's Jews (over twelve years), 6,000,000.



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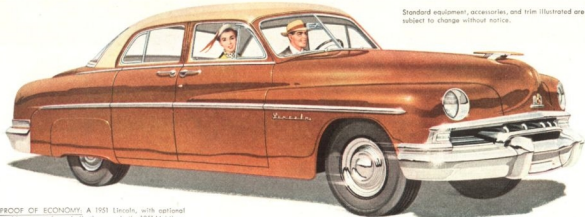
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ITALY

Red Loss—And Gain

The West once again battled Communism in Italy. The outcome: a victory for the West—but not as solid a victory as the West had hoped for. The Communists could claim (correctly) that they had gained some popular support since their bitter election defeat three years ago.

Battle for the Towns. When Italy elected new local governments in 1946, the Communist Party captured control of about 2,000 towns and cities, chiefly in the industrial north. Anti-Communist forces, notably the Roman Catholic Church, began to organize a counterattack. At the same time, the U.S. launched the Marshall Plan, which helped ravaged Italy back on the road to recovery. By 1948, when Italians went to the polls to elect a new Parliament, the Red tide had been turned back; in that historic election, the Communists lost heavily to Italy's free parties, led by Premier Alcide de Gasperi's Demo-Christians. But the Communists still controlled the captured towns. Last week Italy was again holding municipal elections (beginning with North Italy, to be followed by the rest of the country later), and the anti-Communists had decided to storm the Red strongholds.

By the time most of the votes were counted in the first round of 2,735 municipalities, it was clear that the most important Communist citadels had fallen. The anti-Communist citadels won control in some 800 of 1,200 communities which had been held by the Reds, among them Genoa, Venice, Ravenna and Forlì. Through their control of local govern-



Associated Press

FRENCH TITOIST TEAR-GAS VICTIM

All victims of Communist attacks should get together.

ments, the Reds had been able to win friends not through ideological appeal but by doing favors on the main-street, grass-roots level. Loss of that patronage was a severe blow to the Red political machine.

Rally of the Church. The coalition of anti-Red parties had been able to take over the Red strongholds partly because of a new electoral law which provides that any alliance of parties winning a plurality in a town automatically gets two-thirds of the seats on the town council. This made it possible for the Communists to lose control of towns in which they actually chalked up limited popular vote gains. In 27 provincial capitals the Reds got 37%, as against 34.3% in 1948, while the Demo-Christians were down from 43.3% in 1948 to 36.5%. The anti-Red alliance (Republicans, Liberals, right-wing Socialists) picked up small gains; the neo-fascist M.S.I. more than doubled its share of votes, from 2% to 5.4%.

The Catholic Church had strongly rallied to De Gasperi's side. The archbishops and bishops of Tuscany proclaimed: "Voters who give their votes to parties professing doctrines contrary to the Catholic faith commit a mortal sin." Why had Church intervention not produced a bigger anti-Communist vote? Explained the Vatican's *Osservatore Romano*: Not all Italians "born Catholic, and even professing still to be so, are . . . faithful followers of the Church."

The Demo-Christians argued that one reason why the Communists had fared relatively better than in 1948 was that Italians felt the danger from Communism had diminished; some of them therefore felt safe in voting for the Reds on specific local issues without fearing an overall Communist victory. Demo-Christian leaders knew that such reasoning was danger-

ous, that anti-Communists must not relax their vigilance. As De Gasperi put it during the campaign: "Those who say that the Communist danger has been overcome . . . are fools."

FRANCE

The Dissenters

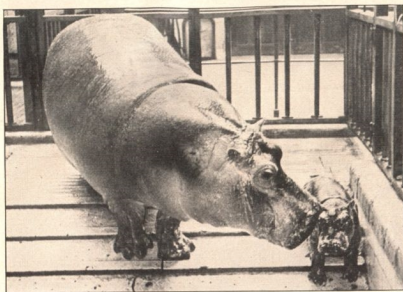
France has its own Titoists. They are a group of "nationalist" Communists who, like Tito, are for Marxism but against the way Stalin & Co. boss the show in Marxism's name. The group, calling itself *Mouvement Communiste Français*, was founded a month ago in the northern coal fields by one Charles Lemoine, a stocky ex-coal miner. At a rally of 400 miners, he cried: "The Communist Party, yesterday our hope, has been unconditionally handed over to Moscow . . . For this party, the interests of the French people are subordinated to the interests of the Soviet Union . . . Let's get together, all victims of Communist attack."

Membership so far is only about 500, but the French Communist Party has been worried enough by the movement to put one of its best tacticians in charge of fighting it; for weeks, Red henchmen have broken up the movement's meetings, have sent one of its leaders to the hospital. Last week, as France's election campaign got under way (Frenchmen will elect a new Parliament June 17), the French Titoists announced that they would run candidates in 30 departments, held their first big rally. At the meeting in Paris' gaudy Salle Wagram Communists threw tear-gas bombs. Several people had to be carried from the hall. Said the Communist *Humanité* about the group: "A bunch of traitors . . . collected from various garbage cans."



European

DE GASPERI & NEPHEW
He warned against fools.



MOTHER LOVE did not always reign in the bulky heart of Bella, the stately hippopotamus at Vienna's Schönbrunn Zoo. Last summer she became so jealous of her latest baby that she killed it. This spring, when Bella was again expecting, zoo officials took the precaution of dosing her with special female-hormone injections. Result: familial bliss between mother Bella and her newest son, Jussy (weight: 68 lbs.).

GREAT BRITAIN

In the Pit

At dawn one day last week, the day shift went down to take over from the night shift at Easington colliery, Durham, England. In the long, narrow tunnel leading from the main shaft to the coal face, 1,000 feet below the surface, 40 incoming miners filed past 40 outgoing miners. By the dim light of their head lamps, they exchanged the customary cheery "Good morning." Suddenly an explosion shook the earth. The 80 men were buried beneath tons of debris.

Within 20 minutes, the first rescue workers went down into the black, poisonous shaft. Relatives gathered at the pit head, stoically waited for news as their clergymen prayed. Hours later a mine-workers' union man finally declared: "We must now take it that there is no hope." Total dead (including two rescue workers): 82.

Wide Open for Suicide?

While Britain has banned the export of war materials to Red China, it has left the door wide open for trade with Red Russia. Board of Trade President Sir Hartley Shawcross told the House of Commons last week that in the first four months of 1951 Britain sent to Soviet countries \$1,091,000 worth of electrical generators, 410 tons of mining machinery and 23,596 tons of raw rubber.

Shawcross defended the government's policy on the ground that Britain received a fifth of her total timber imports and a third of her total imports of coarse grains from Russia. Said he: "The advantages we get . . . are at least as great as those which the Communist powers obtain."

Said Conservative Gerald David Newnes

Nabarro: "Is it not suicidal to continue to export to Russia . . . [equipment for] factories which are making armaments to send to the Chinese to shoot down our own troops in Korea?"

IRELAND

Dev's Try

Ever since Ireland achieved full independence, in 1949, Eamon de Valera's *Fianna Fail* (Soldiers of Destiny) Party has been out of office and without an issue on which to fight its way in again. Last week doughty old (68) De Valera made a try for a comeback. He missed by a margin no wider than a shamrock leaf.

In Ireland's first general elections since it became a republic, De Valera's party won 69 seats in Parliament. The four other parties and the independent candidates, formerly in a coalition under Prime Minister John Costello, got 78 seats. The question now was whether Costello could hold enough of them together to win a majority when Parliament meets next week. If he fails, "Dev" still has a chance.

One of the issues that had forced Costello to call the elections in the first place: socialized medicine. Ireland's Health Minister, Dr. Noel Browne—an Irish, ascetic version of Britain's Aneurin Bevan—had pressed for a full socialized medicine system, including postnatal care for mothers and free medical care for children. Ireland's doctors opposed the bill and the Roman Catholic Church came out against it because it would mean state interference in private family concerns. Another opponent: Sean MacBride, Foreign Minister in the Costello cabinet and leader of Browne's own party, the *Clann Na Poblachta* (whose platform is mildly leftist). Denouncing both Costello and MacBride,

Browne resigned. Last week Browne, running as an independent, was re-elected to his seat by a comfortable majority. MacBride and his party suffered heavy losses.

No matter who ends up as Prime Minister, he will still face the unresolved, troublesome issue of socialized medicine.

HUNGARY

I Kiss Your Hand, Comrade

On a quiet day by the banks of the old Danube, a sharp-eared visitor could occasionally hear a peculiar, smacking sound, which was, of course, produced by innumerable gallants kissing the hands of their fair ladies. The Communists are now bent on abolishing this quaint Central European custom. Says an indignant letter to the Budapest Communist daily *Világosság*: "There are some comrades who, when greeted by female comrades with '*Szabadsg* [Freedom],' still reply with '*Kézet Csokolom* [I kiss your hand]' and the appropriate gesture. [Such] capitalist hangovers and bourgeois social habits, if not cast away, spell ruin for the good Hungarian Communist."

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Another Red "First"

Latest Czech Communist invention: "concentration monasteries." Last week Frankfurt's *Neue Zeitung* reported that obstinate priests who refuse to bow before the hammer & sickle are being "re-educated" in eight government-run camps. Special police are detailed to guard the priests. Discipline is harsh and living conditions bad. The priests are allowed to celebrate Mass, however. Most prominent prisoner: Archbishop Josef Beran of Prague, now confined to the high-walled, isolated Nova Rise monastery, 20 miles from the Austrian border.



IRELAND'S COSTELLO
Public health was an issue.

Larry Burrows—LIFE

GREECE

The Marshal Resigns

For more than a year, since the decisive defeat of the Communist rebels, the free world has not worried much about Greece. Last week it was time to worry again. Field Marshal Alexander Papagos, who with U.S. help defeated the Reds and put backbone into the Greek army, resigned from active service.

The story behind the rumor-shrouded resignation:

Papagos, at 68, is Greece's No. 1 military hero (he beat the Italians in 1940), an ardent royalist and disciplinarian. But for the past six months the hawk-nosed commander's loyalty to King Paul has tangled with his belief in military discipline. Trouble started over a crony of the King's, one Aristides Metaxas,* a suave, impeccably dressed political aide. A military court had passed a death sentence on a Communist collaborator, a wealthy merchant who donated money to the Reds. The collaborator's relatives asked Metaxas to intervene. Soon thereafter the King commuted the death penalty to five years. Outraged, Papagos let the King know that the palace ought not to undermine his court-martial, asked for Metaxas' dismissal. The King, as proud and sensitive a man as Papagos, refused. U.S. Ambassador John E. Peurifoy rushed into the breach, got the King to send Metaxas off for a vacation.

But Papagos was not satisfied; he wanted the final say on all official appointees to the royal household. The King ignored him. Then word came that Metaxas, visiting the U.S., was spreading propaganda against Papagos. Last week, in a huff,

* No kin to Greece's late Dictator John Metaxas.



GREEK ARMY'S PAPAGOS
Ill health was the excuse.



AN AGING DICTATOR is revealed in this unusual picture of Joseph Stalin, 71, at a celebration, earlier this year, honoring Lenin at Moscow's Bolshoi theater. Most of Stalin's photographs that reach the West are carefully retouched. Greying and tired-looking, Stalin peers between the masklike faces of Politbureaucrats Lavrenty Beria, 52 (left), and Georgy Malenkov, 49 (right), both potential heirs to the old man's power.

Papagos resigned. His official reason: ill health.

The field marshal's walkout shocked the army. Two infantry companies surrounded Parliament and Radio Athens, tried to impose military censorship. But Athens, by & large, remained quiet. Papagos himself told the soldiers to return to barracks, and the King took over Papagos' title of commander in chief.

Ambassador Peurifoy, in the U.S. on a visit, hastily flew back to Athens, tried again to patch up the quarrel between the country's two foremost men. There was danger that, without Papagos, the U.S.-trained-and-equipped Greek army—an important weapon in the West's defenses against Red aggression—might fall apart.

RUSSIA

Jeeperski!

Russia's Communists dropped an official tear for capitalism's kids last week as the U.S.S.R. celebrated International Children's Day. "In the U.S.," intoned *Pravda*, "children are exploited to an unprecedented degree, but the Soviet government has removed for all time the waifs of the past."

But Russian youngsters had their troubles:

❑ Little girls, reported the *Literary Gazette*, were complaining bitterly about the standardization of dolls in Soviet toy stores. All the dolls, they said, had exactly the same faces, hair-dos and dresses.

❑ A new decree of Moscow's city fathers warned parents of all Bolshevik bobbysoxers, on pain of a \$50 fine, to keep their children off the streets after 10 p.m. in winter, 11 p.m. in summer. The decree forbade shopkeepers to sell the youngsters liquor or tobacco, and ordered the kids

themselves to quit skating in the streets, to stop hitching rides on the outside of buses and streetcars, and to go only to movies listed officially as "suitable for children."

INDIA

The Meaning of Freedom

Prime Minister Nehru got his law to curb India's press (*TIME*, May 28). Voting 228 to 20, Parliament amended the 1949 constitution, which guaranteed freedom of speech and expression to all citizens. Under the amendment, the government may introduce laws fining newspapers for "defamation or incitement to an offense." The courts will set the penalties.

A small but determined parliamentary opposition, led by Dr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee, former Minister for Industry, bitterly attacked the amendment.

Mookerjee (to Nehru): You've got 240 supporters in this House, but outside in the country millions are against you.

Nehru (shaking his fists): [Your] statements are scandalous . . .

Mookerjee: Your intolerance is scandalous . . .

Nehru (shouting): Any person who says that this amendment of mine curbs the liberty of the press utters lies . . .

As Nehru explained it: "We should not only give the press freedom, but make it understand that freedom." There was a lot of doubt whether Nehru himself understood the meaning of freedom. His excuse for requesting the law: the scurrilous outpouring of Indian scandal sheets. But as the All-India Newspaper Editors Conference pointed out: there was nothing to prevent the government from using its new powers against the legitimate press when & if it chose.

THE HEMISPHERE

PUERTO RICO

Toward a New Relationship

Puerto Ricans took a long step toward self-rule. In a referendum authorized by a 1950 Act of the U.S. Congress, they voted this week to draw up their own constitution.

The vote was a victory for Puerto Rico's first popularly elected governor, Luis Muñoz Marín, who has preached to the islanders that independence is an "obsolescent idea," that their future lies in continuing association with the U.S. Overpopulated Puerto Rico, he maintains, can not afford to cut loose from the U.S., can not survive and rehabilitate itself without protection of U.S. tariffs and subsidies.

Under the new constitution, which will

ARGENTINA

Next Victims?

Juan Perón extended his war against the free press to the big U.S. news agencies serving Argentine newspapers. Last week Associated Press came under heavy fire for picking up a Rio report that Perón had arrested his atomic energy expert, Dr. Ronald Richter (TIME, May 28). One *Peronista* newspaper raged at A.P. as "anti-Argentine." Another, in a curious echo of *Pravda's* familiar vocabulary, blasted the agency as a practitioner of "gangster journalism" and an agent in a "persistent and infamous plan to attack the Argentine republic."

Though A.P. was the target of last week's shooting, there were indications

Monotheism on the Pampas

When 400 Japanese Argentines called at Buenos Aires' Government House last week to urge President Perón to run for re-election next year, Evita Perón graciously replied to their spokesman, an Argentine priest. Said she: "Without Perón there could be no Evita, but Perón could exist without Evita or anyone else . . . There is only one Perón . . . He is God for us, so much so that we cannot conceive of heaven without Perón . . . He is our sun, our air, our water, our life."

Field Report

Professor Cornelius Jan Bakker, eminent Dutch nuclear physicist who was invited to Argentina to look over Juan Perón's atomic energy research, last week wound up his brief and mystery-cloaked visit (TIME, June 4). After spending four days at the Huemul Island laboratories, he flew back to Buenos Aires for a little chat with President Perón, then hurried home. Back in Amsterdam, the professor said that Perón's atomic expert, Austrian-born Dr. Ronald Richter, was not under arrest when he was there, but refused to discuss Richter's research work. Then he went into seclusion to prepare a report for his government.

CANADA

No. 2 in Korea

Canada's 25th Brigade—8,000 men strong—went into action as a unit for the first time in Korea last week. It drove six miles into North Korea, captured a 1,500-ft. hill south of Chorwon, pulled back in orderly fashion through rain and mud when the Communists staged a fanatic counterattack. Said Major Dick Medland of Toronto: "We had excellent killing."

The brigade's commitment in Korea seems to have silenced permanently the complaints voiced in Washington and Lake Success last fall over Canada's sedate slow-march to war. Said U.N. Secretary General Trygve Lie in Ottawa last week: "Considering its population and resources, Canada is now No. 2 among the United Nations in Korea."

High-Powered Scenery

Tourists visiting Niagara Falls will see something besides water and mist this summer. Last week work began on the biggest international hydroelectric project in history: a \$157 million construction job which will divert part of the Niagara River's water around the falls, shoot it through a 5½-mile tunnel bored in solid rock 300 feet below the heart of Niagara Falls, Ont., and into a giant penstock to create 600,000 h.p. of electricity for fast-growing southern Ontario. The project, not to be confused with the much-debated St. Lawrence seaway, was approved in a treaty signed between the U.S. and Canada last year.



PERÓN'S & FRIENDS*
Heaven will have to wait.

be written by a constituent assembly still to be elected, Muñoz expects that Puerto Rico will form a new kind of political entity under the U.S. flag. It will be neither a territory nor a state; the tax burdens of statehood would be far too heavy. A fertile maker of political phrases, the governor has not yet found the exact word to describe the system under which Puerto Rico will eventually live. "If the U.S. were the British Empire," he once said, "you might call it dominion status."

The real showdown on the Muñoz plan occurred last fall, when lunatic-fringe Nationalists tried to assassinate President Truman and Governor Muñoz to block registration for this week's vote. Horrified, Puerto Ricans repudiated the Nationalists. Now serving a sentence of seven to 15 years for his part in the plot, Nationalist Boss Pedro Albizu Campos was under examination by psychiatrists last week to determine whether he is sane.

that the rival United Press might be in more immediate danger of being squeezed out of Argentina. U.P. had long supplied an elaborate overseas news report (under a fat \$8,000-a-week contract) to Perón's mortal foe, *La Prensa*. The very charge on which Perón expropriated *La Prensa* was that it relied on U.P.'s service and was therefore a foreign-bossed enterprise. In a recent chat with Reuters' Buenos Aires chief, Perón reportedly accused the U.S. agencies of "spying" and sending out false reports, then added darkly that "the people and the publishers" would react against them.

That was a plain hint of an economic freeze-out that would hit U.P. hardest. Even without *La Prensa*, the service still sells news to more than 30 newspapers and radio stations in Argentina.

* At gala Independence Day reception for the diplomatic corps in the famed Colón Opera House.



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Excited crowds...admiring looks

...all that goes with success marks this new arrival. Obviously—he's somebody special, and his Samsonite is something special, too! It's Colorado Brown—Samsonite's rich new masculine finish in Samsonite's rugged new Man-Tailored luggage.

Styled exclusively for men, it's scientifically designed inside and out, for quicker, more efficient packing...easier handling. One look at Samsonite's tough, better-than-leather covering...solid brass fittings...rich, long-wearing linings, and you'll see why Samsonite is America's fastest selling luggage.

And you'd never believe a two-piece matched set of this expensive-looking luggage costs less than you'd expect to pay for a single piece of any other quality luggage!

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There is a good deal more than ice cubes in this unusual bucket made of Marvinol vinyl resin.

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PEOPLE

The Working Class

Manhattan's Communist *Daily Worker* seized the occasion of the 132nd anniversary of **Walt Whitman's** birth to claim him as its very own. "How," cried the *Worker*, "could the Philistine rulers of capitalist culture stomach an artist who took the side of the people and who dared, despite the heavy penalties of poverty, censorship, and the deprivation of a wide audience, to tell the truth about the organized thievery that passes for the Two-Party System?"

Cheered on by his royal father, **Prince Knud**, brother of Denmark's **King Frederik** and heir apparent to the crown, eleven-year-old **Prince Ingolf** set off in a 1,300-ft. soapbox derby near Copenhagen. His car hit a top speed of more than 18 m.p.h., but he finished eighth.

Radio-TV comic **Arthur Godfrey**, whose formal higher education consisted of "one short year at Hasbrouck Heights High School" in New Jersey, got an honorary Doctor of Science degree at Rider College in Trenton, N.J. Then Dr. Godfrey, who makes close to \$1,000,000 a year, gave the students some unorthodox commencement advice: "Don't try to conquer the world. Remember the more you earn, the more you pay in taxes. You can't become wealthy today."

Between planes in Dallas, Madam Minister **Perle Mesta** gave reporters some inside political dope: **General Eisenhower**, she said, is not going to run for President. "That is a carefully prepared answer," she assured the newsmen, "only I haven't been able to use it till now because nobody asked me the question."

The name of **T. S. Eliot** appeared on the London weekly *Time & Tide's* list of readers who had submitted correct solutions to its crossword puzzle No. 1113. He got no prize, but admitted, "I like to see my name in print."

Domestic Issues

Shortly after his wife filed for separate maintenance on the ground that he drinks too much, Actor **Sonny Tufts** gave a concrete demonstration of the sort of thing she had in mind. For noisily arguing with the entrepreneur of an all-night eatery over a \$4.55 bill for fried chicken, cops arrested Tufts and a Hawaiian actress, booked them for drunkenness.

From Manhattan, Actress **Ella Raines** angrily wired Hollywood cops to recover a set of patio chairs she said had been pinched by Actress **Miriam Hopkins**. Miss Hopkins promptly obliged with a calmer version of the story: "I borrowed the patio furniture for a party, and I was just being real neighborly, you know, like swapping rice pudding or something . . . She said some vicious things about me, but I don't want to say anything about Ella. She's a sweet little girl and I can't understand it . . . I've never laughed more. We've all been absolutely hysterical."

The night clerk in a Vancouver hotel



MARY MARTIN & MARTHA WRIGHT
Next fall: Drury Lane.

took one look at a strange man in a beard, dungarees and cowboy boots, refused him lodging for the night. Just in time, the girl at the cigar counter saw that underneath it all was **Bing Crosby**, dressed for a fishing trip, and the crooner was hustled to a comfortable suite.

After one of her occasional visits to her former residence, **Eleanor Roosevelt** told her newspaper audience about it. "I am always surprised to find people who carry as much responsibility as the President . . . looking moderately well," she wrote. "On this occasion I thought **Mr. Truman** looked very fresh and vigorous."



ARTIST CHURCHILL
Also immortalized: Falstaff.

The Road Ahead

St. Louis newsmen had reason to suspect that General **George C. Marshall**, after his seven-day ordeal with the Senate committee investigating MacArthur's firing, had had his fill of questions. To Missouri's Washington University, where he will speak during commencement this week, Marshall sent word that he wants neither 1) press conference nor 2) reporters at the airport when he lands.

Elaine Barrie, sometime actress, last wife of the late **John Barrymore**, got a mark of 95—one of the highest on record—on her examination to become a registered representative on the New York Stock Exchange, went to work for Schafer, Long & Meany as a customers' man.

While leading a patrol through hills outside Inje, Korea, Captain William D. Clark, West Pointer son of Army Field Forces Commander General **Mark W. Clark**, took a Communist slug in his right knee, was evacuated to a hospital in Tokyo.

Gifts, flowers and telegrams poured into the Manhattan dressing room of **Mary Martin**, and a packed house at the Majestic gave her the ovation of the season when the curtain dropped on her gothic—and last—U.S. performance as Ensign **Nellie Forbush** in *South Pacific*. There were more gifts afterwards from the cast and crew; at a backstage champagne party, more flowers and a big hug from her replacement: Singer **Martha Wright**. Miss Martin will sail for England, where she will play the same role at the Drury Lane next fall.

Four weeks after entering the naval hospital in Bethesda, Md., to recuperate from his 17-month imprisonment and torture by Hungarian Reds, International Telephone & Telegraph Assistant Vice President **Robert Vogeler** walked out "considerably improved." After delivering a speech, he plans to go to Colorado for two months as guest of the governor before starting back to work.

Francis X. Bushman, 68, and **Betty Blythe**, 57, "the hottest lovers of the silent screen," were mauled in Chicago by some admiring contemporaries: members of the Cook County Grandmothers Club. The occasion also inspired Bushman to some reminiscences of the old Essanay studio days in Chicago, when "we kept three saloons in business." Said he: "We all drank ourselves to death. You know, Rudy Valentino died of that wine we both drank. I got it from an Italian bootlegger who put lethal things in it. Rudy was a neighbor of mine and . . . he used to borrow cases of wine when he ran out."

Immortalized in a wood carving over the bar of the new Swedish Lloyd liner *Patricia*: **Winston Churchill**, with cigar and easel, **William Shakespeare**, Falstaff, **Beowulf**.

After a year of prodding the nation's big-shot gamblers and politicians as chief counsel for the Kefauver committee, **Rudolph Halley** decided to have a go at politics himself, tossed his hat in the ring as the Liberal Party candidate for President of the City Council of New York.

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MEDICINE

The Transplanted Kidney

Mrs. Howard Tucker, 45, had not fared so well in years. Member of a family in which mother, sister and an uncle had died from polycystic kidneys,* she herself was the first patient to receive a healthy kidney transplanted from the body of another woman who had just died (TIME, July 3). Nearing the anniversary of her landmark operation, Ruth Tucker had gained 20 lbs., was doing her own housework, even to washing & ironing, and going out evenings, full of pep. Then the blow fell.

Kidney specialists, gathered in Chicago a fortnight ago for the American Urological Association's annual meeting, were impatient to hear about the transplant progress. They could not hear from Surgeon Richard H. Lawler, who performed the operation, because he was in Europe and anyway they wanted the views of one of their own members. Dr. Patrick McNulty had been consulting urologist on the case, and he was persuaded to report.

Hazelnut Size. Said McNulty: the operation was a failure. The grafted kidney was not functioning and never had. It had shrunk, he said, to the size of a hazelnut. The reason, Dr. McNulty said, was that the donor's tissues were incompatible with Mrs. Tucker's. His statements were given to reporters, and one of them phoned Mrs. Tucker.

Says Mrs. Tucker: "If I had a weak heart, this shocking news would have killed me. What a way to get your death sentence—from a newspaper reporter! But Mrs. Tucker refused to take the word as a death sentence. "The doctor

* An incurable disease in which cysts destroy working tissues of the kidneys.



Mrs. RUTH TUCKER
"If I had a weak heart..."



DR. RENOLD & HARVARD CREWMEN
No vampire, he.

James Coyne

have always told me everything because they know I can take bad news," she said. "Why would they build me up to this letdown?"

More Mad Than Anything. The last time Surgeon Lawler checked on the transplanted kidney was April 1, when he performed a follow-up operation to widen the ureter where it was being narrowed by scar tissue. He told Mrs. Tucker then that he was well satisfied with it, hoped that it would work so well that her own remaining kidney, which is also diseased, could be removed later. Back from Europe, where he heard about three human kidney transplants, made since his operation, Surgeon Lawler was keeping his mouth shut last week. He was expecting to publish his own report in the *A.M.A. Journal*.

But Mrs. Tucker felt perfectly free to talk. The grafted kidney was placed where she can feel it, she said. "It's still there, it hasn't floated, and if it's only the size of a hazelnut, it's the biggest hazelnut that ever grew." Added Mrs. Tucker: "While I do have butterflies in my stomach about it, I'm more mad than anything."

How Are Your Eosinophils?

Before & after the Yale-Harvard boat race at New London last year, a professional-looking fellow stepped up to each member of the Harvard crew, including the coxswain, pricked the lobe of one ear and drew a single drop of blood. He was Dr. Albert E. Renold, research fellow at Harvard Medical School, popularly known to the boys as Dr. Vampire.

No vampire, Renold was one of a team which was testing the oarsmen's reactions to stress. Dr. George W. Thorn (*TIME*, May 21) acted on the theory that in a normal, healthy reaction to physical or emotional stress the adrenal cortex is stimulated. It then puts out more hormones, which (among other effects) cut down the number of eosinophils (a type of white

cell) circulating in the blood. Thus a series of before & after eosinophil counts might show whether a man's reaction to stress is normal.

Renold took random samples when there was no stress, got an average eosinophil index of 123 for the varsity crew. After a practice pull, the oarsmen's eosinophil average dropped to 19. When the day of the Yale race came, the counts were down to an average of 64 before anybody had lifted an oar. The coxswain's was down to 33.

It was a grueling race over four miles; Harvard won in the last seconds by a quarter of a length. The eosinophil average at race's end: three for both oarsmen and cox, Harvard Coach Tom Bolles' own eosinophil drop: from 101 before the race to 16 after.

A crew of Harvard scrubs provided an interesting comparison: the rowers were nervous before the race, with a count of only 42, but they led the Yale scrubs easily all the way, won by six lengths, and had a relaxed after-race count of 59.

By the Thorn thesis, all the Harvardmen showed a "healthy" response to stress; eosinophil counts showed a drop proportionate to exhaustion. If an exhausted man's count had failed to show a drop of 50% or more, Thorn would have regarded it as a sign that the adrenal cortex was not producing the extra hormones which the body demands under stress.

The Harvard testers believe that their technique can be adapted to measure a man's aptitude for dangerous, "stressful" assignments of many kinds, e.g., commando duty. Men who become exhausted after a rugged route march, but without a proportionate eosinophil drop, would be eliminated as dangerously hormone poor.

The Harvard experimenters, reporting their findings in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, conclude: "We wish to express our appreciation of the good-humored cooperation of the Harvard crews."

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*Reader's Digest
January, 1950

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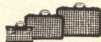
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Vitamins & Alcohol

Most physicians are convinced that alcoholism is, at bottom, a psychological disorder. Roger John Williams, famed biochemist of the University of Texas, had a different theory. The trouble, he argued, might have a physical basis. Now, in *Nutrition and Alcoholism* (University of Oklahoma; \$2), Williams suggests that vitamins have achieved history's first best-to-goodness cure in a case of alcoholism, making the patient truly able to take a drink or leave it.

Williams believes that while all men need the same vitamins and minerals, they do not need them in the same amounts or the same proportions. Many human disorders, he thinks, arise because some people (partly because of heredity) need some life-essential substances in far greater quantities than normal diets supply.

Drunken Rats. Dr. Williams' theory is that the craving for alcohol is one such disorder. (He does not explain why a need for vitamins should produce a craving for alcohol which contains no vitamins, and actually increases the need for them.) He tried the theory on rats, turning them into drunkards by deficient diets and curing them with walloping doses of vitamins.

Then along came a heavy drinker for whom psychiatry and group therapy had done no good. No physician, Biochemist Williams suggested that he be treated with massive doses of 15 vitamins—A, C, I and E, and eleven of the B complex. The patient shunned alcohol for a while. Williams and his colleagues thought that the patient should remain a total abstainer. The patient went them one better. He showed that he could drink two or three bottles of beer, then quit.

"This individual," says Williams, "probably constitutes the first case on record in which an alcoholic has become a moderate drinker." There were others among the few alcoholics treated with vitamins by the time Williams wrote his book. Since then, doctors at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital have tested the method with 85 alcoholics, giving some of them dummy capsules to rule out the psychological factor, and report at least one-third better results in the vitamin-treated cases.

No "Average Man." No man was better equipped than Roger Williams to show what vitamins could do. The younger (58) brother of Robert Runnels Williams of B and beriberi fame (*TIME*, April 30), he identified pantothenic acid and helped to discover folic acid, two of the vitamins in the B complex, did pioneering work on several of the others. Along the way, Roger Williams became distressed by the way science tends to deal with the non-existent "average man," plumped for a science of "humanics" in which differences among men, rather than similarities, would be emphasized.

In his quiet way, Williams is determined to extend the biochemical humanics approach to other fields. He even thinks it might be applied to the problem of marriage and divorce.



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RADIO & TV

Freedom Not to Listen

For the past two years, the radio-equipped buses and streetcars of Washington's Capital Transit Co. have resounded with syrupy popular music and insistent commercials. Some of the defenseless passengers objected strongly enough to protest to the Public Utilities Commission. Defeated there, they went to court. Last week, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia agreed unanimously with the protesting passengers, ruled that they have a constitutional right not to listen while they ride.

Color Future

The Supreme Court decision in favor of CBS color (TIME, June 4) did not mean that U.S. audiences would start seeing regular television shows in color right away. For one thing, not many set owners were likely to plunk down an estimated \$125 for the necessary converters and adapters until they were assured of a full color schedule. For another, though CBS estimated that color receivers would be moving off U.S. assembly lines by September, most television manufacturers were either noncommittal on the subject or obviously dragging their feet.

Even CBS was making no large promises about its color schedule. It planned to get started by the end of June, but the CBS shows will be broadcast mostly during the early morning and late evening hours, so as not to interfere with CBS' black & white telecasts. What color programming there is will stick pretty closely to standard TV and, at first, will not exceed 20 hours a week. Advertisers who are curious to see how their products look in color may buy CBS time for as little as \$300 an hour (for black & white TV, CBS charges \$3,250 an hour).

Although CBS had won the first battle, the campaign was far from over. RCA, whose rival, all-electronic color system lost to CBS before the FCC and in the courts, is still in there fighting. It released the design of its tri-color electronic tube to 231 TV manufacturers (including CBS) and plans public color demonstrations of its own system within a few weeks. And last week RCA joined with four other manufacturers (General Electric, Philco, Du Mont, Hazeltine) to announce successful laboratory tests of an even newer color system based, in part, on RCA's defeated candidate.

Eager Beaver

After his first major TV appearance, John Cameron Swayze eagerly phoned his wife Tuffie. "How did I look?" he asked breathlessly. Said Tuffie: "Like you were dead." A bit dismayed, Swayze got rid of most of the television make-up he had been wearing, added a toupee to thicken out his sparse thatch, set himself to cultivating an air of friendly animation. In three years, these simple measures have helped to propel brisk, 45-year-old News-

Smart Cookie?...that's Me!

I'll admit it... I'm the guy who discovered Arch Preserver Shoes for myself... the shoes with the famed built-in support that helps to keep my feet feeling as they should feel through the longest, toughest days. And as for looks!... well, just pop into the nearest Wright Arch Preserver dealer's and see for yourself the smartest line of shoes anywhere this season. His name is in the classified phone book. E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Massachusetts.

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caster Swayze into a bigger-than-TV prominence. His *Camel News Caravan* (weekdays, 7:45 p.m., NBC-TV) now has an audience of some 5,000,000, rates as one of the liveliest news shows on television.

Each 15-minute program begins with Commentator Swayze's crisp delivery of the latest news bulletins. As he talks, the camera may switch to an animated war map, or a newsreel film of U.S. troops in action. Sometimes there is a quick jump to Washington, London or Rome for filmed shots of political headlines and recorded interviews. After more news films—supplied by over 50 NBC cameramen scattered from Seville to Seoul—the show goes to Chicago for the weather forecast with the help of a big weather map. Most of the background tricks are no novelty to TV audiences. What gives *Camel News*



JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE
Smooth, folksy and durable.

the edge is smooth production and Commentator Swayze's knack of tying the whole show together.

Never Say No. His job on *Camel News* is only one of John Cameron Swayze's many current enterprises. An ex-newspaperman (Kansas City *Journal-Post*) and radio newscaster, he first made his mark in 1948, during the presidential conventions in Philadelphia. TV was then still feeling its way and cordially welcomed a commentator like Swayze, who was both durable and willing ("I never said no to anything"). From the solid success of *Camel News*, he moved on to become a permanent panel member of NBC's *Who Said That?* (Mon. 10:30 p.m.), where he dazzles his audience with a seemingly encyclopedic memory of current news events.

Actually, Swayze is more eager beaver than elephant. In preparing for the show, he reads the *New York Times* and the news weeklies avidly, clips whatever seems interesting and restudies his quotes before going on the air. On Sundays, he acts as M.C. of another NBC-TV show

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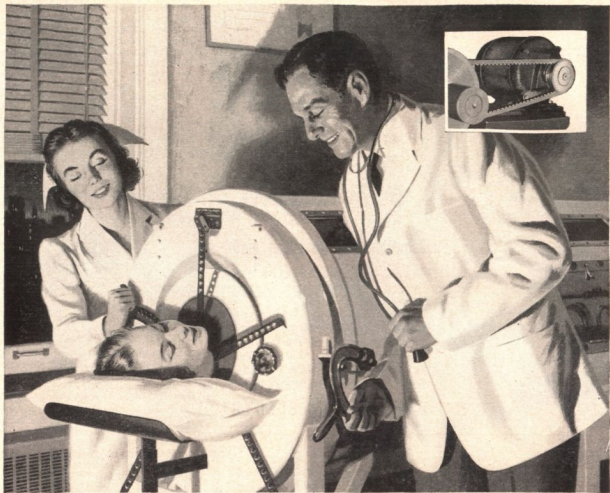
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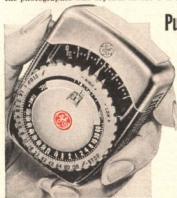
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Old Overholt

STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

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called *Watch the World*, a series of filmed subjects aimed at children.

Never a Pundit. Swayze is also getting some belated recognition from the two mediums in which he worked for 20 years. Early this year, McNaught Syndicate hired Swayze to do a column called "New York," now appearing in 50 newspapers—a sentimental and often arch performance which reminds some readers of the folksy prose of the late O. O. McIntyre. And last week, Swayze signed with Sponsor Radiotheon (TV sets) for a 15-minute radio news program starkly entitled *John Cameron Swayze* (Sun. 3:45 p.m., NBC).

No pundit, Swayze leaves big political thinking out of all his shows, likes to concentrate on human interest stories. Says Swayze: "Leaving people feeling good—that's my role."

The New Shows

A Date with Judy (Sat. 11:30 a.m., ABC-TV) transforms another just-folks radio family into a daytime TV show. The Fosters come equipped with a whimsical father, a lovable but levelheaded Mom and a lackwit, adolescent son, all working as background for daughter Judy (Pat Crowley). The plot throws Judy in love with an oaf named Oogie, supplies her with boundless opportunities to pout, indulge in temper tantrums and end nearly every scene in a drugstore, where a finger-pointing clerk urges viewers to stock up or Sponsor McKesson & Robbins' products.

Queens of America (Sat. 9 p.m., ABC-TV) adds women baseball players to the TV ranks of women roller skaters and women wrestlers. The Queens are a soft ball team decoratively turned out in shirts and knee-length stockings; their opponents bear such names as the Checcashers, the Bluebirds and the Music Maids. The caliber of play is a good deal better than the camerawork and announcing.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, June 8 Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Your Invitation to Music (Sun. p.m., CBS). The Trapp Family Singers.
NBC Theater (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). Budd Schulberg's *The Disenchanted*.
Hollywood Star Playhouse (Mon. p.m., CBS). *On a Windy Night*, with Dana Andrews.

Telephone Hour (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). Soprano Bidu Sayao.

TELEVISION

Pulitzer Prize Playhouse (Fri. 9 p.m., ABC). *The Hostage*, with Paul Porter.
Sam Levenson Show (Sat. 7 p.m., CBS). Guest: Phil Silvers.

Comedy Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Jackie Gleason, Fred Allen, Vivian Blaine.
What's My Line? (Sun. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Quiz show with John Daly.

Studio One (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). *Coriolanus*, with Judith Evelyn, Richard Greene.

Four Star Revue (Wed. 8 p.m., NBC). Danny Thomas.

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3-speed record players are already outclassed! Zenith's exclusive Cobra-

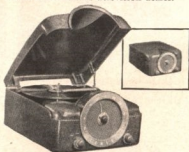


Matic plays not only 33 $\frac{1}{3}$, 45 and 78 R. P. M. records of any size, but *any* record speed from 10 to 85, includ-

ing the coming 16 R.P.M.! Lets you select the *exact* speed for perfect pitch, tempo, tone quality, or for accompanying with voice or musical instruments. Only two simple controls—the simplest automatic record player ever invented!

And in radio, Zenith combinations give you the superb, static-free tone of Super-sensitive FM that reaches far beyond ordinary FM range. Plus famous

Long-Distance AM. And most important in these times, Zenith's quality-control and costlier materials assure you longer years of trouble-free enjoyment. Look ahead—protect *your* musical investment with Zenith Quality! See your Zenith Radio and Television dealer.



Above, New Zenith® "Tudor" Radio-Phonograph Console. Cobra-Matic® record-player, Super-sensitive FM and Long-Distance® AM radio, Radiogan® Tone Control. Ample record storage space. Period cabinet, Mahogany veneers.



At left, New Zenith "Saratoga"® Radio-Phonograph table model with Cobra-Matic Record-Player. Compact new design. Super-size 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch speaker gives dramatic new tone quality—the finest you've ever heard in a table combination. Modern swirl walnut plastic cabinet.

©1951

Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois
Over 30 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics® Exclusively • Also Makers of Fine Hearing Aids



Go to the head of your class with **Carrier**

Air conditioning is the first step in modernizing your store—

Carrier Weathermakers make it easy for you to modernize your store step-by-step. You can install them now — and they'll begin paying for themselves right away. They'll relieve the usual summer slump. They'll make your personnel more efficient. They'll eliminate markdowns on sweat-damaged goods and reduce cleaning bills.

But that's just the beginning. Carrier Weathermakers clean the air — so that your merchandise can come out from under glass without getting dusty. You can redecorate to a bright modern color scheme and be sure that it will stay new-looking longer. And your store can be cool — even after you add the extra heat load of brighter lighting and a new open store front.

If you want your business to go to the head of its class . . . call your Carrier dealer today! He's listed in the Classified Telephone Directory.



Step No. 1—Install Carrier Weathermaker Air Conditioning! Carrier's exclusive Even-fo Air distribution gives you superior year-round air conditioning without the expense of duct work.



Step No. 3—Get gay with color! Paint your walls and fixtures light modern shades that reflect more light. A Carrier Weathermaker makes them practical by filtering out dust.



Step No. 4—Turn on the light! Brighter lighting enables you to use direct light on dresses, indirect light on silver, spotlights on displays. Weathermakers keep your store comfortable!



Step No. 5—Plan for store traffic! Shift your displays and fixtures to meet the shifting seasonal demands for specific items. Your Carrier Weathermaker lets you control distribution!

More people enjoy

Carrier

Air Conditioning than

Weathermaker Air Conditioning!

CARRIER Weathermakers lead your step-by-step modernization program



Step No. 2—Take your goods out from under glass! Put them where your customers can see them, feel them, and make their own selection. The extra-large filter keeps the air dust-free!



Step No. 6—Put up a better front! Enlarge your display windows. You'll draw more customers. The Weathermaker Air Conditioner cooling capacity can offset the sun heat load.



The Carrier Weathermaker* is summers ahead!

COOLS • CLEANS • CIRCULATES • VENTILATES
LOWERS HUMIDITY • REDUCES NOISE

Exclusive controlled cooling—gives you real comfort by balancing temperature, humidity, ventilation and air motion.

Exclusive Humitrol—removes more moisture on damp days, keeps goods feeling crisp, shoppers comfortable.

Exclusive Even-flo air distribution—new advances in design assure superior air conditioning without "dead spots" or drafts.

Exclusive whisper-quiet operation—revolutionary Q-T fan, plenum chamber and Even-flo diffuser keep operation quiet.

Hermetic compressor—no belts to wear out, nothing to oil or adjust, no seasonal pump-downs.

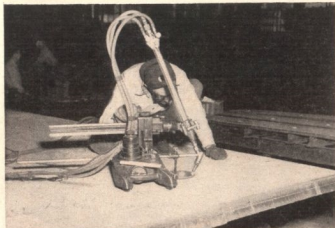
Lower operating cost—larger filters, coils and condenser tubing save money on electricity and water consumption.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

any other kind!

WANTED: 7 MILLION MORE TONS OF "JUNK"

Part of the diet of a steel mill is scrap iron and steel... 52 million tons last year. But new mills are being built (and output of existing mills increased) faster than scrap supplies come in. Can you help us find more scrap?



- 2 WHAT BECOMES OF THE HOLE?** In a steel mill, every bit of scrap is collected and re-used. This man is flamecutting armor plate. The steel he cuts out will be re-cycled to the furnace. You can help increase the steel supply if you sell an old tractor, or a plow, or a jalopy, to your nearest scrap dealer.

One of the most interesting examples of American-capitalism at work is the scrap dealer to whom you will sell your old iron and steel. Read the interesting story of how he feeds the steel mills, at a profit. Write for the reprint from STEELWAYS magazine, "Meet a New Aristocrat—the Junk Man". American Iron and Steel Institute, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.



- 1 LOOK IN THE INDUSTRIAL ATTIC FIRST:** If you work in a factory or shop, look around for old machines, suggest other ways your company can make money by selling more scrap to local dealers.



- 3 HOW MANY OLD MACHINES TO MAKE A NEW TANK?** Everybody hates to break up a machine. Some factories, for instance, continue to hold obsolete machines. Now is the time to haul out old metal of every kind and sell it for scrap.

RELIGION

Catholic Gains

The Roman Catholic population of the U.S., Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands increased by \$68,737 during the past year—a gain of about 3%—according to the *Official Catholic Directory* for 1951, issued last week. New total: 28,634,878.

Repentance in Pasadena

Five-year-old John Muir College* at Pasadena (enrollment: 2,000) has no more than the average quota of campus sin. But to Fred Phelps, 21, a tall (6 ft. 3 in.), craggy-faced engineering student from Meridian, Miss., John Muir is a weed-grown vineyard. Day after day this spring he has called upon his fellow students to repent. His method: to walk up to groups

off campus, and kept on preaching. Principal Turrell warned him again. "He accosted me in very stern language," says Phelps, "and told me that he would call the law. So I told him I had no fears. If the police arrested me I would preach to them in jail."

As Phelps's audience grew, police arrived, cleared the crowded sidewalk of both the earnest and the merely curious. Phelps was "invited" into a police car and driven away from the scene; John Muir suspended him for the rest of the week.

But Evangelist Fred Phelps, who had turned down an appointment to West Point to devote his life to preaching, was not to be discouraged by a little thing like suspension. Last week he was back, preaching from the lawn of a friendly Pasadena citizen across from the quadrangle. His audiences were bigger and more sympathetic; in fact, Fred Phelps now had something of the attraction of a martyr.

Off His Stick? Pro-Phelps students recalled that the California law against the teaching of religion has never been interpreted at John Muir as a ban on such voluntary groups as the Student Christian Association, the Roman Catholic Newman Club, the Christian Science Club, and the Mormon Deseret Club. In any case, they thought Principal Turrell had no right to pursue Phelps across the street.

"I don't agree with what he says," said a history major. "But I agree that he has a right to say it—off campus." Said another: "I think some of us can stand a bit of revival. Maybe Phelps has got something."

Students were delighted with the story that Phelps had been ordered to consult the school psychologist, a middle-aged lady, and that he had turned the tables on her by "psychoanalyzing" her. Gloated an admiring coed: "I hope he did. They had no right to suggest that he's off his stick. Just because you're religious, it doesn't mean you have to be crazy."

Blessed Pius

This week, for the first time in almost three centuries, a Pope was beatified,* Giuseppe Sarto, Pope Pius X, was that rarest of combinations—a holy man and a great statesman.

The son of a Lombard village cobbler, young "Beppo" Sarto was as bright as he was poor, but he never lost his humility. Even when he was a fledgling country priest, his powerful sermons attracted attention beyond his own parish. He was raised to be a Monsignor, then Bishop of Mantua, in 1893 Cardinal Patriarch of Venice. He made a point of giving away everything that he had. In his will he wrote: "I was born poor, I have lived poor, and I wish to die poor."

Cardinal Sarto's election to the papacy



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
EVANGELIST PHELPS
Ready to preach in jail.

of boys & girls munching their lunchtime sandwiches in the quadrangle, ask "May I say a few words?" and launch into a talk.

Fred Phelps's talks drew crowds of up to 100. Over & over he denounced the "sins committed on campus by students and teachers . . . promiscuous petting . . . evil language . . . profanity . . . cheating . . . teachers' filthy jokes in classrooms . . . pandering to the lusts of the flesh." Such strictures sent Dr. Archie Turrell, principal of John Muir, and most of his faculty into a slow burn. Not only was Evangelist Phelps attacking them, they decided, but conceivably he was violating California's state education code, which forbids the teaching of religion on any public school campus.

Something of a Martyr. A fortnight ago they ordered him to stop his campus preaching. Phelps moved across the road,

* Named for California's famed, mountain-trading naturalist (1838-1914).



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"He certainly worships his horse opera heroes. But I'm working on an idea that'll make the lad proud of his dad too."

"Don't tell me you're taking to the saddle!"

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NAME.....DATE OF BIRTH.....
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COUNTY.....STATE.....OCCUPATION.....

in 1903 came as a surprise to him. When he saw the balloting swinging in his favor, he rose to plead passionately with his brother cardinals not to elect him to a post for which he felt himself unfitted and unworthy. But his eleven-year reign was packed with decisions that have proved historic for the Roman Catholic Church.

Synthesis of Heresies. "The sole aim of Our Pontificate," he wrote, "will be to restore all things to God." Among his actions:

¶ His encyclical *Acerbo nimis* revived the importance of the Catholic catechism, established the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in every parish to teach it.

¶ His Apostolic Letter in 1905 set forth principles for the laymen's movement known as Catholic Action.

¶ His decree calling for "frequent and [even] daily Communion" settled a long-standing church controversy, silenced



Acme

PIUS X
Historic decisions.

those who had argued that man was unworthy to take the Eucharist except at long intervals.

¶ His encyclical *Pascendi* in 1907 condemned, lock, stock & barrel, the theological trend toward Modernism, which tended to look upon religion as a subjective experience and the church as a purely human institution in the process of evolution. Pius X called this "a synthesis of all heresies," cracked down so hard on Modernism that some Catholics called the encyclical harsh. Retorted Cardinal Mercier of Belgium: "If in the days of Luther and Calvin the church had possessed a Pope of the temper of Pius, would Protestantism have succeeded in getting a third of Europe to break loose from Rome?"

Ora pro Nobis. In August 1914, heart-sick at the World War then beginning, Giuseppe Sarto died at 79. Even during his



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EMPLOYERS MUTUALS of WAUSAU

lifetime he had been spoken of as a saint; soon after his death, steps were taken to proclaim him one. In his case, the "process" toward sainthood, which sometimes takes centuries, has moved in double-quick time; only last fall (TIME, Sept. 18) he was declared "venerable."

Last week his blackened body was exhumed from its tomb in St. Peter's and the face covered with a silver mask replica of his features. The body was dressed in new papal vestments, then placed in a gold-leaf sarcophagus with a glass top for public view. As it was unveiled this week, at the height of the beatification ceremony in St. Peter's Basilica, St. Peter's archpriest, Cardinal Frederico Tedeschi, spoke for the first time the words of public veneration, to which only saints and blessed are entitled:

"Beate Pie, ora pro nobis [Blessed Pius, pray for us]."



James Coyne

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE'S RATHVON
A boom year.

Science & Health

In Boston this week, one of the few world religions to spring from the U.S. held its annual meeting. The 7,500 Christian Scientists who assembled at the Mother Church on Falmouth Street elected a new president for the one-year term: pert, sixtyish Lora C. Rathvon, widow of William R. Rathvon, who was corresponding secretary to Founder Mary Baker Eddy herself.

Obedient to Mrs. Eddy's injunction against "public numbering," the Scientists released no membership figures. But there were plenty of indications that Christian Science is booming. During the past year, 42 new branch churches were founded, 362 practitioners of the faith were added (to make up a world total of 10,503), sales of *Science & Health* increased 25%—part of a demand for all Eddy writings that has doubled in the last decade.

Save 8 Hours Every Week With A **Hotpoint** All-Electric Kitchen



Gain Extra Time For All Your Extra Duties!

YOU'LL DISCOVER wonderful new freedom in a magic Hotpoint All-Electric Kitchen . . . find that it actually saves you over an hour every day, a full working day every single week! You feel fresher and have extra time for your family as well as the many added duties you're called on to shoulder these days—because your Hotpoint Kitchen does all of your most tiring, most time-consuming tasks *automatically!*

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How to keep a Diesel "excited"

3 times longer

It may surprise you to learn that the oil-burning engines of a Diesel locomotive don't turn the wheels. They're connected to generators that feed electric current to motors that actually drive the locomotive at smooth, high speeds. Right at the heart of these power-makers is a device known as the "exciter"—serving to set up the magnetic field needed to create "juice" from a generator.

Keeping their Diesels "Excited" was a problem for one railroad. They were using V-belts of conventional construction to drive the exciter. But high heat in the engine room and continuous high belt tension were more than ordinary belts could stand. They slipped, stretched, failed in only a few months. After two successive sets of these belts broke down, the railroad called in the G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

Careful study of the drive convinced the G.T.M. that it was a job for Goodyear's COMPASS-V-STEEL belts. So he recommended installing a matched set of these super-strong belts, with "muscles" of wiry steel cable in the load-carrying section that enable them to handle heavy loads and a notched body that helps dissipate heat.

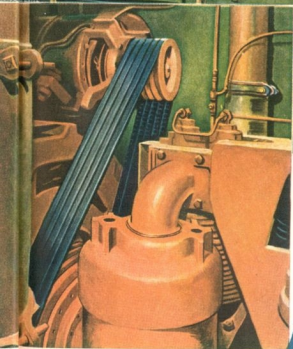
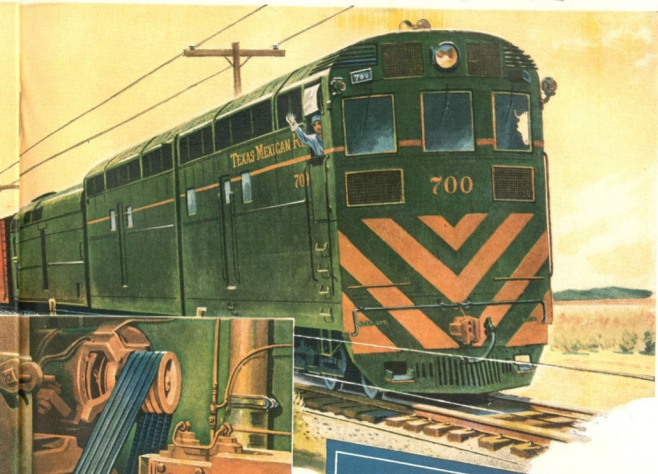
Three years later, the first set of belts, installed as the G.T.M. had recommended, are still going strong. No slip, no stretch, no loss of operating efficiency. The efficient, economical operation of the first set of belts

quickly convinced the railroad that COMPASS-V-STEEL belts were the answer to their problem. Now all their Diesel locomotives deliver smooth, dependable service—thanks to the G.T.M.

If trouble-free power is what you're looking for, it will pay you to consult the G.T.M. He can choose the belt right for your drive—from the complete line of V-belt construction on the market. Write him Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

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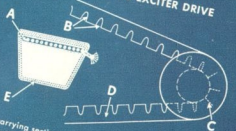


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- B**—Vents open between pulleys, dissipating heat
- C**—Vents close rounding pulleys, giving continuous gripping surface
- D**—Highest quality rubber under body
- E**—Sturdy, bias-laid fabric cover resists wear



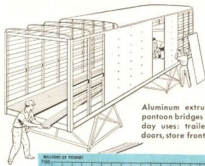
Assembling an M4 pontoon bridge at Ft. Belvoir, Va., home of the Army Engineers. The rustproof aluminum is painted, not for protection but to reduce visibility.

...for the bridges yet to be crossed

To span rivers swiftly, the ready answer is the aluminum pontoon bridge...down to the spot in sections. It's a floating aluminum roadway! And in the tanks and trucks that rumble over it, thousands of vital parts are aluminum. Aluminum foil protects the food and drug supplies they carry. Overhead, the sky is full of aluminum...the metal that accounts for more than two-thirds of a bomber's weight!

The military uses of aluminum grow as dramatically as its civilian uses. People prefer light, strong, rustproof aluminum for windows, gutters, farm roofing, irrigation pipe, air-conditioning ducts. Manufacturers as well as consumers find premium advantages in aluminum parts for automobiles, refrigerators, washing machines. And the "kitchen engineers" of America await the return of their own pure aluminum household foil...Reynolds Wrap.

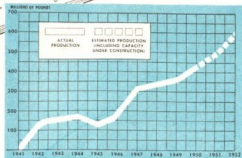
Today's production expansion will provide more and more aluminum for all these uses, first military and then civilian. Reynolds is working full time, full speed at the double job we all face... fighting shortages and inflation while we fight aggression. Reynolds Metals Company, General Sales Office, Louisville 1, Ky.



Aluminum extrusions, as used for pontoon bridges have endless everyday uses: trailer floors, windows, doors, store fronts, railings, etc.



Reynolds Wrap is "all-out" for defense
... Return Flight
Guaranteed!



Expanding aluminum production of Reynolds Metals Company



REYNOLDS ALUMINUM

SPORT

Memorial Day Winner

At the flag drop, 33 low-hung, over-powered racing cars, almost blacked out by clouds of dust and exhaust smoke, roared down the brick and asphalt Indianapolis Speedway track last week in the first lap of the 500-mile Memorial Day grind. The Speedway rightfully prides itself on being the proving ground for most of the automotive advances in the past 40 years, and this year improved cars and equipment produced a whole roster of shiny new records. But speed outstripped design. Only six of the starting thoroughbreds managed to last the full distance.

Led at a record-breaking clip by Lee Wallard in his black and gold Belanger

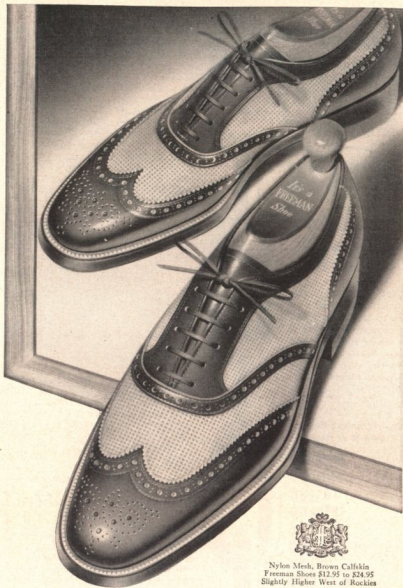


John R. Spickelmire—Indianapolis Times
WINNER WALLARD
Simplicity paid off.

Special for the first 100 miles (130.625 m.p.h.), the souped-up speedsters soon began to fall by the wayside. One of the first to make a repair stop (after only five laps) was favored Duke Nalon in his eight-cylinder, front-drive, supercharged Novi, the sleek white car that set a new qualifying record of 136.498 m.p.h. Nalon's trouble: fouled-up fuel injection nozzles, used instead of the standard down-draft carburetor.

Magneto & Crankshaft. On the 87th lap, Defending Champion Johnny Parsons dropped out with magneto trouble. A broken crankshaft put third-place Walt Faulkner out at 300 miles. Moments later, Mauri Rose, three-time winner, fishtailed into the infield with a collapsed wheel. The car turned turtle, but Mauri crawled out unhurt in the only serious accident of the day.

From there to the finish it was all Wallard and his Belanger Special, but not without some troubles. He drove the last



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Slightly Higher West of Rockies

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for summers ahead . . . smarter, easier, lighter,

with breezy new Nylon Mesh framed in luxurious Brown Calfskin crafted
by America's largest exclusive makers of men's fine shoes.

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It's a **FREEMAN** *Shoe*
THE FOOTWEAR OF SUCCESSFUL MEN

At Wallachs, New York; Capper & Capper, Chicago; MacDonald and Campbell, Philadelphia; Liemandt's, Minneapolis; K. Katz, Baltimore; Clayton's, Detroit; Hastings, San Francisco; Stumps, Milwaukee; Wolff's, St. Louis; University Shop, Washington; Wilkinson's, Omaha; Freeman, Pittsburgh; Fox, Hammond; and other fine stores in nearly 5,000 cities coast to coast.

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P. A. SPIEGELBERG
Freight Traffic Manager
Wabash Railroad
St. Louis 1, Missouri



MODERN SERVICE IN THE
HEART OF AMERICA

50 miles virtually without brakes, lost a shock absorber with twelve laps to go. But by the time he got the black & white finish flag, 40-year-old Lee Wallard, down to his last dollar four years ago, had won auto racing's biggest jackpot: \$63,612 (\$15,900 of it for leading in 159 of the 200 laps). His average speed: 126.244 m.p.h., nearly 5 m.p.h. faster than Bill Holland's 1949 record (121.327).

Tires & Pistons. Wallard's victory, like most, was won before the race began. Owner Murrell Belanger, a wealthy Crown Point, Ind. auto dealer (Chrysler-Plymouth) and ex-racer who dabbles in the sport for the fun of it, knew that the new "beefed up" (i.e., fatter) tires would produce more speed, particularly on the turns. Belanger also figured that a light, rear-drive car, though it gives a rougher ride, would require fewer fuel stops, that a simple, four-cylinder power plant would require fewer pit stops. As a result, Belanger's aluminum-shelled special turned out to be the lightest (1,530 lbs.) in the race, but it packed plenty of power in its 330 h.p. engine (piston displacement: 262 cu. in.).

His gamble on simplicity (about \$30,000 to build and race his car) paid off. Getting better than six miles a gallon out of the special fuel (40% alcohol, 40% gasoline, 20% benzol), Belanger's racer had to make only one pit stop (for a cracked exhaust pipe, fuel and two tires). Oil-smeared Driver Lee Wallard, grinning happily from ear to ear, had a modest explanation for his part of the winning gamble: "I just tried to keep moving and stay out of trouble."

Big Business Babe

When Helen Hicks became the first U.S. woman golf professional in 1934, no one jumped on the bandwagon with her. One reason: there was no money in the women's game. As recently as 1948 only six women managed to earn a living from professional golf. But last week, at White Plains, N.Y., 13 of the 18 pro golfers belonging to the fledgling Ladies' P.G.A. were scrambling around the hilly Knollwood course in quest of prize money that will total \$80,000 this year. The big wheel on the women's circuit and the one who has made women's golf pay off: Mrs. George Zaharias, better known as Mildred Didrikson, or just plain "Babe."

As she strode to the first tee, Babe obligingly clowning for photographers and the gallery, but she was in no joking mood. For one of the few times in her competitive golf life (14 years) the Babe found herself in the hole: one stroke behind stocky, redheaded Patty Berg, 33, Ladies' P.G.A. president.

It was the final round of the 144-hole Weathervane cross-country golf tournament and a \$5,000 first prize was at stake.* Despite her wisecracks to the gallery ("The only time the gallery will ever bother me is when it doesn't show up"), Babe was grimly intent on winning. "not

* Ben Hogan got \$4,000 in prize money for winning the National Open last year.

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for the money—I just like to play a good game.”

Like the Yankees. Actually, Babe no longer needs the money. She has taken an estimated \$250,000 out of golf from prize money, sporting goods companies, movie and TV shorts, endorsements and royalties on equipment bearing her name. Now she dabbles in the stock market, owns the Tampa Golf Club, a 100-room Denver hotel, a 30-acre farm in Pueblo, Colo., and manages to find time to serve as pro at the Skycrest Country Club near Chicago.

The rest of the girls seem not to resent in the slightest the Babe's dominance of the game. Explains Patty Berg: “When I come in second to her I feel as though I had won. It's kind of like the Yankees. They're the champs and you want them to win.” Nor do they mind the tough routine of traveling, strange hotels, dreary



Acme

GOLFERS BERG & ZAHARIAS
Pots and pans and a birdie, too.

dinners and the Spartan life of a professional athlete. Bubbles Betsy Rawls, a Texas newcomer to the pro game: “I love getting paid for something I'd do anyway.”

Keep Out of Trouble. Last week Patty Berg gave Babe something to shoot at. After slamming home an eagle 2 on the 372-yd. tenth hole, Patty finished with a sparkling 73, 2 over men's par. Babe heard about Patty's round on the 17th tee, knew that even to tie she needed a birdie and a par. She got them. She rammed in a birdie 4 on the 540-yd. 17th, got her par 4 on the 445-yd. 18th by reaching the green with a drive and a dazzling No. 2 iron shot. Final score for both, setting up a playoff for sometime later this summer: 601 for 144 holes.

Babe's booming 240-yd. drives (20 yards farther than the rest of the girls) stood her well, but that is not the only secret of her success. The real trick: “to keep the ball in play,” i.e., out of trouble. Babe keeps out of trouble with a fluid swing (“practice, practice, practice”) which requires “a stamp of the left foot” to get the arms and body into the pivot.

After her tying rally in last week's



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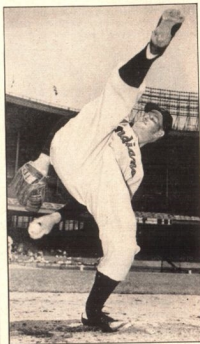


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tournament, Babe resolutely announced that she was "going home to the pots & pans." Did that mean that 38-year-old Babe, now that Patty Berg was catching up to her, was ready to call it quits? "Heck, no," she grinned, "I'm just beginning to learn this game."

Bonus Babies

Hank Greenberg, general manager of the Cleveland Indians, was close-mouthed about the exact bonus price, but admitted: "It's the highest ever given to any player"—even higher than the \$100,000 the Pittsburgh Pirates paid last year for Pitcher Paul Pettit. Cleveland's newest bonus baby (most famous: Pitcher Bob Feller) is 18-year-old Pitcher Billy Joe Davidson, reported by wide-eyed scouts



BILLY JOE DAVIDSON
Faster than Feller?

to be more poised and even faster than Feller when he hit the majors in 1936.

Left-handed Davidson got his start early. When he was three, his father used to toss a ball with his son in the backyard at Marion, N.C. Since then, Billy Joe has pitched two no-hitters, won 20 straight for Oak Ridge (N.C.) Military Institute, averaging 18 strike-outs a game. His semi-pro record: 15-5. Cleveland plans to keep its expensive, draftable youngster for a ten-day tryout, then ship him to the San Diego farm club.

In Stratford, Conn. last week, seven major-league scouts sat in the stands to watch 19-year-old John ("Sonny") Foriz pitch his 26th straight victory for Stratford High. Next week, five minutes after he graduates, Foriz plans to talk turkey to a dozen clamoring scouts. His asking price to sign: \$75,000—or better.

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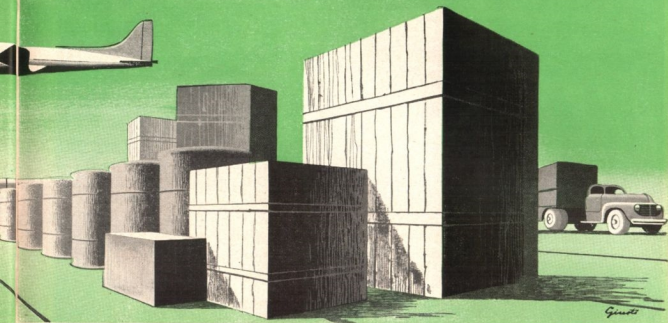


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SCIENCE

Test-Tube Vision

The human eye, says Biology Professor George Wald of Harvard, is like a camera, with a slow film for bright light and a fast film for dim light. At a Cleveland meeting of the Society of Biological Chemists, Dr. Wald told how he and two associates have duplicated in a test tube the action of the eye's fast film.

When the light is reasonably bright, the eye sees by means of millions of microscopic "cones" of the retina. As the light dims, the cones go out of action. Tiny "rods," which are much more sensitive, take over their duties. Only one quantum*



BIOLOGIST WALD

James Coyne

He's looking for a punch in the eye.

of light is needed to make a rod tell the brain that it is seeing something.

Scientists have known for a long time that the photochemical action in the rods is connected in some way with a red substance, rhodopsin, which forms in the rods when the light gets dim. This is how eyes become "dark-adapted." Only when their rods are well fortified with rhodopsin can they respond to faint glimmers of light.

To find out how rhodopsin works, Biologist Wald extracted a protein called opsin from the eyes of freshly killed animals and mixed it with vitamin A and two enzymes (organic catalysts): alcohol oxidase (from horse livers) and cozymase (from yeast). When this mixture is placed in the dark, the enzymes convert the vitamin A to retinene, a yellow pigment. Then the retinene combines with the opsin to form bright red rhodopsin.

When the mixture is exposed to light, even very faint light, all the chemical processes go into reverse. The rhodopsin

divides into retinene and opsin. The retinene reverts to vitamin A. This is just what happens when light shines into a dark-adapted eye: the rhodopsin in the rods is suddenly decomposed.

Dr. Wald is not quite sure how the destruction of rhodopsin by light produces nerve impulses that the brain interprets as vision. But since the impulses are electrical, he suspects that they may be started by some electrical consequence of the destruction of the rhodopsin. One possibility: that sulphhydryl (sulphur and hydrogen) groups are exposed when the rhodopsin molecules disintegrate. These are lively chemicals with the necessary punch to start an electrical commotion.

Next project for Dr. Wald and his group will be to make their chemical mixture produce enough electricity to excite a nerve. If they accomplish this, they will have constructed something close to a completely man-made eye.

The Frontier of Space

The best-known wind tunnels are vast, bellowing monsters that soak up the local power supply and drive the neighbors nuts. Last week Dr. Richard G. Folsom of the University of California described a quieter and trickier tunnel. Built with Navy and Air Force funds, it is a stainless steel tube only 5 ft. long and 18 in. in diameter. Its purpose: to simulate aerodynamic conditions near the earth's outer frontier—the atmosphere 50 miles up.

At this altitude and above, the air is so thin that it does not act as a normal gas. Its molecules are in motion, but instead of colliding with one another every 10,000th of an inch, as they do at sea level, they travel many feet between collisions. When a solid body passes through such a rarefied atmosphere, it behaves as if it were moving in space containing a few ping-pong balls in rapid, random motion.

To simulate these peculiar conditions, California scientists use a peculiar apparatus: a "molecular beam" developed by Physicist Franklin C. Hurlbut. First, all possible air is pumped from the stainless steel tube (which takes a week of pumping). At one end of the tube is a small "source chamber" containing nitrogen gas. When this is heated by a furnace, the nitrogen molecules pick up kinetic energy and zigzag through the chamber at great speed. Those that happen to be shooting in the right direction pass through a hole one-fiftieth of an inch in diameter that leads to the evacuated tube.

The nitrogen molecules enter the tube as a "beam" that can be deflected and controlled almost like a beam of light. The hotter the source chamber, the faster the molecules move. When the temperature in the source chamber is 1,000° C., the molecules in the beam speed at 1,800 m.p.h. Models of aerodynamic surfaces placed in this beam behave just as if they were moving at 1,800 m.p.h. through the ping-pong-ball atmosphere on the frontier of space.



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EDUCATION

The Steady Hand

(See Cover)

In the book-lined study of a red brick New Haven mansion one day last week, a slim, sandy-haired man with a very bad cold sat glowering at a typewriter. Every so often, after a spate of typing, he would spring from his chair, reach for a Kleenex, pace about the room, then stop to consult one of the dozen books he had piled higgledy-piggledy upon his desk. For President A. (for Alfred) Whitney Griswold of Yale University, the task of writing a baccalaureate address was nothing short of agonizing.

It was agonizing partly because it was the first he had ever written. At 44, Whitney Griswold was just completing his freshman year as a university president. But for any president, Yale's 1951 commencement would be something out of the ordinary. Next week, as Griswold dons his academic robe and the gold chain of office, to accompany the solemn commencement procession on its traditional path from the campus to the New Haven Green and back again, he will also be marking Yale's 250th anniversary year.

There will be no special celebration this June to commemorate the occasion. But scholarly, debonair Whitney Griswold might well stand in awe of his responsibility. By virtue of his office as 16th president of Yale, he has become automatically one of the top educational statesmen in the U.S., the head of one of the world's dozen ranking universities, the custodian of a great tradition. The university which

grew from the little school founded 250 years ago in a farmhouse at Branford, Conn. descends in a direct line from such ancient seats of learning as the University of Paris, from Cambridge and Oxford.

The Proper Function. The whole ideal of the university is rooted deep in Western civilization—older than parliaments, older than the modern state itself—and over the centuries it has assumed many functions. It has been a refuge for scholars, a treasure house of facts, an incubator of new ideas and new ideals. At its best, it has always been the preserver, propagator and perpetuator of human wisdom. The proper function of the university, wrote Newman, is "teaching universal knowledge."

U.S. universities have not always lived up to that maxim. Under the influence of the Germans, who carried their pursuit of facts for their own sake to the last extreme, the laboratory began to overshadow the classroom, the specialist the student, and the idea that men must become well-rounded human beings before they become specialists was almost forgotten. In a later day, U.S. education fell into the anarchy of free electives, and scattered courses piecemeal before its students to be sampled as their taste or fancy dictated.

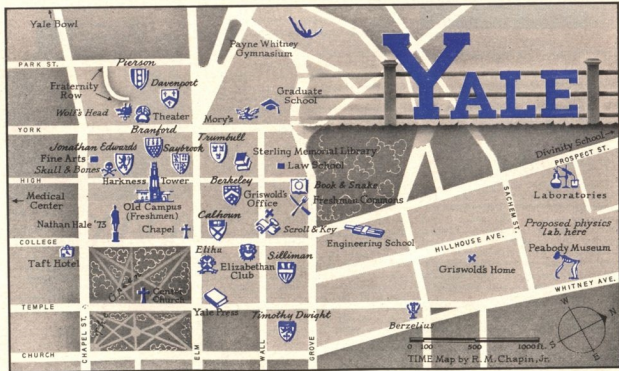
Today the return to the teaching of universal knowledge is well under way, and nowhere is it more visible than in the Yale of Whitney Griswold. It could be seen in its most obvious way in the breadth and depth of Yale's imposing facilities—top-flight schools of law, medicine, divinity; the nation's oldest forestry school; the

world's second largest university library (next to Harvard's). It could be seen more clearly still in Yale's whole interlocking curriculum, where political scientists and psychiatrists teach in the law school, physicists rub elbows with philosophers, engineers teach in the medical school. At 250 years, Yale is more than ever what it has always taken most pride in being—a teaching institution.

"For God, for Country..." Like any educational institution—especially in the U.S.—Yale is often more popularly known by its tags and badges than by its principles. To many, it is simply one of the big three Ivy Leaguers, the member that somehow has managed to produce alumni of such varied types as Nathan Hale, William Howard Taft and Rudy Vallee. In the person of William Lyon Phelps, it has gushed through hundreds of women's clubs; and in Owen Johnson's fictional character of Dink Stover has fired the hearts of thousands of pre-Hopalong boys. It is the land of the Whiffenpoof, the Boola-Boola, the tables down at Mory's. Waggish non-Yalemen never seem to weary of calling "For God, for Country and for Yale" the outstanding single anticlimax in the English language.

The physical Yale is plunked incongruously down in the heart of a prosaic, overgrown town—a neo-Gothic citadel besieged by a grid of Main Streets. Neon signs blink into its leaded windows; drug-stores, shoe stores and tailor shops challenge its ivy-covered walls. The worlds of Samuel and Howard Johnson are but a step apart.

Yale's newest buildings appear to be the oldest, for their antiquity was planned in advance and custom-made. Upperclass-



men eat in baronial halls, may sit under imposing chandeliers or by an imported Burgundian fireplace, use silver sugar bowls, Yale's Divinity School looks as if it might have been moved up from Williamsburg; the university library looks like a cathedral ("Must I genuflect?" a bemused visitor once exclaimed); its main power plant is clothed in stone to look like a Gothic tower.

The Yale Spirit. Yet throughout this neo-Gothic land runs an intense esprit that seems to start with the Fellows of the mighty Corporation itself. These 109 gentlemen are the guardians of 1,005 acres, masters of \$125 million in stocks and bonds, a 1,100-man faculty, an enrollment of 7,500. But such is their loyalty to Yale that rarely does any one of them miss a meeting. Even the nation's Secretary of State and one of its busiest Senators, Robert A. Taft, will once a month gladly drop everything in Washington for two days of sitting in high harmony side by side in New Haven.*

Such esprit comes partly from the fact that Yale is a dynasty, perhaps the most inbred of all the ivy-league colleges. Since 1766 only one president, James Rowland Angell, has been an outsider, and today 55% of its faculty are Yalermen. It also springs from a carefully nurtured sense of responsibility and community service. One result is that Yalermen have sallied forth from New Haven to found or be first presidents of 40 other colleges & universities, until Yale has become the most successful Johnny Appleseed in the educational orchard.

In some respects all Yalermen are Johnny Appleseeds at heart, dedicated to the proposition that one does not earn one's "Y in life" just for oneself alone. They might be as different as RFC Director W. Stuart Symington and Columnist Max Lerner, both '23, or as bustling Senator William Benton of Connecticut and his lifelong friend, Robert Maynard Hutchins, both '21. But they are all apt to be men with a mission, whether it is holding high public office, running a local community chest or managing the Red Cross drive.

Energetic Drift. Like the British Constitution, the Yale code is unwritten; it is simply in the air. It echoes back to the 19th Century, to the days of William Howard Taft ('78) when undergraduates carried bangers (cans), hired sweeps (servants), and felt it bad form to "talk stand" (discuss marks). They were the days that soon inspired the fictional Frank Merriwell, who would give his all against Harvard ("Old Yale can't get along without him!"), and tight-lipped Dink Stover ("I'll play the game . . . We'll see who'll lead!"), who did the same.

* The other members: the Governor and Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut, President Griswold, Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill, the Rev. Arthur H. Bradford, Irving S. Olds, Lewis H. Weed, George Van Santvoord, the Rev. Morgan P. Noyes, Charles D. Dickey, Morris Hadley, Frederick Trubee Davison, Wilmarth S. Lewis, Juan T. Trippe, Robert T. Stevens, Edwin F. Blair, Jonathan B. Bingham.



PRESIDENTS GRISWOLD & SEYMOUR
Their goal: universal knowledge.

International

Today, Yale undergraduates still "play the game"—on the field & off—in an atmosphere of calm but unrelenting competition. From the moment a freshman begins to "heel" for the *News*, the *Banner* or the *Lit*, his life becomes a purposeful drive upward—but a drive he must pretend to ignore. "Intense, aren't you?" is the rebuke to overenthusiasm. "The thing to do," says one undergraduate, "is to drift energetically."

Campus anthropologists like to divide Yalermen into "White Shoes," "Brown Shoes" and "Black Shoes." The White Shoes come from the proper families and the proper prep schools; their weekend dress, almost like a uniform, is a button-down shirt, striped tie and Brooks Bros. suit. The Black Shoes are apt to be on scholarship (one-third of all Yale students are), working their way through college. The Brown Shoes are somewhere in between.

For any Shoe, one sign of success is to get into a fraternity—preferably such "Row Fraternities" as Zeta Psi, the Fence Club, or Delta Kappa Epsilon. Far above these stand Yale's six senior societies—Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key, Berezilius, Book and Snake, Wolf's Head, and Elihu—whose new members are picked each year when the junior class lines up on Tap Day in Branford College Court, waiting for the slap on the back from some senior member.

Spiders to Slaves. But Yale is much more than the fraternities and senior societies, the athletic teams and Mory's, the Fence Club and the Yale Fence (part of which still is preserved in Pach Brothers' studio as a prop for the annual pictures of Yale team captains). In the last five years, with such men as F.S.C. (*The Meeting of East and West*) Northrop, Metaphysicians Brand Blanshard, Paul Weiss and Theodore M. Greene, Yale has built the

best philosophy department in the U.S. On the Yale faculty are men like fiery Historian Samuel Flagg Bemis, two-time Pulitzer Prizewinner (*Pinkney's Treaty*; *John Quincy Adams and the Foundations of American Foreign Policy*); cherubic Composer Paul Hindemith; Botanist Paul Burkholder, who helped develop chloromycin; Cleanth Brooks of the New Criticism; and Theologian H. Richard Niebuhr, brother of Reinhold, in the Divinity School.

Yale's research ranges from Tacitus to spiders, from servomechanisms (so-called slave machines) to cancer and carbon 14 (the radioactive isotope that dates objects up to 30,000 years old). In its library (4,000,000 volumes), scholars are now in the process of editing the fabulous Boswell papers and the Wilmarth S. Lewis collection of Walpoliana. The "Boswell Factory" and the "Walpole Factory" alone make Yale the custodian of the most impressive collection of 18th Century English literature in the world.

Yale is also a custodian of another sort. It was not even a university officially until 1887—eleven years after Baltimore's Johns Hopkins began as a model. It did not bother with a full-fledged engineering school until 1932—36 years after Columbia. It did not climb aboard the "elective" bandwagon until Harvard had tried the experiment for 20 years, or build its residential colleges until 1933, when Harvard's houses were already three years old. Even its fraternities were never cast from the campus wholesale, as were those at Princeton under President Woodrow Wilson, though most have long since severed their national ties. Consciously or unconsciously, Yale has traditionally waited for others to lead, observed their course, then picked the middle road to follow.

Thus, if its progress has not been speedy, it has been selective and gener-

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ally sound. If it has opened few new frontiers, it has at least held fast to old and solid principles. In the best and truest sense of the word, Yale has stood from its earliest beginnings for conservatism triumphant.

"I Give These Books." The college that was to grow into Yale University was born on a table top in the parlor of a trim farmhouse in Branford, Conn. To that house, one day in 1700—when Harvard was already 64 years old and Princeton still 46 years away—came ten clergymen from all over the Colony, bearing books. One by one, each approached the table with the words: "I give these books for founding a college in Connecticut." By the next year the new "Collegiate School" had a charter, and by the year after that, one student—a



James Wardlaw—Yale University Art Gallery

ELIHU YALE
His gift: £562.

wistful sophomore called Jacob Heminway, who, "solus, was all the College the first half-year."

For a while, the young school barely managed to stay alive. But soon celebrities from overseas began to come to its rescue. Sir Richard Steele sent complete files of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and Sir Isaac Newton sent a copy of his *Principia*. Finally, a plump, periwigged gentleman named Elihu Yale, a retired East India merchant and a former governor in Madras, sent the most substantial gift of all: £562 worth of goods.

The governor's gift put the school on its feet, and in 1718 it gratefully changed its name in his honor. By 1720, it had 43 students and a three-story house, painted blue. "I take very great content under my present tuition," wrote Student Jonathan Edwards that year, "as all the rest of the scholars seem to do."

Yale survived the paroxysms of the Great Awakening, the fierce evangelical movement that swept through New England in the 1730s and '40s. Then came the American Revolution. The gallant old



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Reverend Naphtali Daggett, president *pro tem* ("Would you have me president *pro eternitate?*"), took down his long fowling piece and opened fire ("You old fool," cried the British, "what are you doing here, firing on His Majesty's soldiers?"). Captain Nathan Hale, '73, was captured and sent to the gallows, and Alumnus David Bushnell devised the first submarine and tried to blow up the enemy fleet in New York Harbor.

"What Is the Reason?" The nation's first postwar generation continued to converse in Latin, to eat their breakfast of dinner leftovers (*olla podrida*, alias slum), to debate such questions as: "What is the reason that though all rivers run into the sea, yet the sea doth not increase?" By the turn of the century, Noah Webster, '78, had moved into a house up the street to begin his dictionary, and Eli Whitney, '92, was beginning his career as inventor and one of the great forces in the Industrial Revolution.

Under the presidency of Theologian Timothy Dwight, Chemist Benjamin Siliman, father of scientific teaching in the U.S., set up his pioneer laboratory, out of which grew the autonomous Sheffield Scientific School. Gradually, Yale began to accumulate some of its brightest ornaments. There were Physicist Josiah Willard Gibbs, who formulated the laws that form the basis for modern thermodynamics, Elias Loomis, who helped devise the modern weather map, Geologist James Dwight Dana, Sociologist William Graham Sumner.

Though Yale continued to grow in size and merit, it sometimes seemed to do so reluctantly. The years of the late 19th Century were boom years for U.S. higher education, when the U.S. university began not only to mirror but to rival the great universities of Europe. It was in the age of the mighty autocrat, Charles Eliot of Harvard, that American scholarship finally came into its own.

As if waiting for the sound solution, Yale characteristically held aloof. The "breeze now blowing," said President Noah Porter, might be very invigorating, but it was no time to lose sight of older duties. Thus, for the next four decades, while the rest of the U.S. was exuberantly spawning new schools, new courses, and daring teaching techniques at breathless speed, Yale remained comparatively static. Not until James Rowland Angell blew in from Michigan in 1921 did the new Yale rise, St. Petersburg-fashion, where shops, lots, and dilapidated dorms had been before.

New Geography. Yale's transformation into a true university had started under Angell's predecessor, Economist Arthur Twining Hadley, '76, Yale's Grand Old Man (of whom a colleague once said: "He thinks in Hebrew; reasons in Latin, spins you a joke in Greek"). Angell completed the transition. Suddenly, the cautious campus found itself with a brand-new engineering school, an observatory at Johannesburg, the first U.S. graduate school of nursing. With the millions that poured in, mainly from Philanthropists

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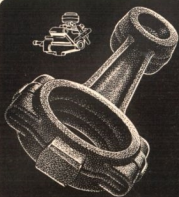
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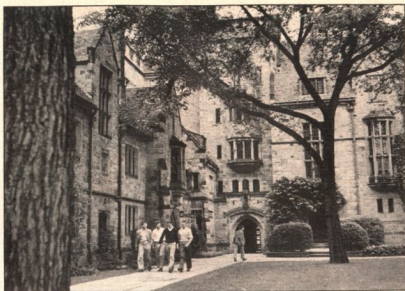
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Edward S. Harkness and John W. Sterling, Yale got a whole new geography. Angell built 37 new buildings, nearly quadrupled endowments to \$95 million, set up the famed drama department under George Baker from Harvard (HARVARD FUMBLES, YALE RECOVERS, headlined the *New York World*), and pulled the medical and law schools out of their lethargy. By the time he retired in 1937 and courtly Charles Seymour took over to consolidate the gains, the university had caught up again with its peers.

It was during the age of Angell that a freshman named Whitney Griswold moved into the old freshman Oval. He had come from Morristown, N.J., with generations of Yaleness behind him, the son of a New York insurance broker who would leave for work in Manhattan each morning before daylight and return home each night after dark (his paternal advice: "Don't commute!"). By the time young Whitney got to Yale, his education consisted of eight years at a small private school, followed by four years at Hotchkiss, in Lakeville, Conn.

He was shy and skinny ("I barely cast a shadow"), but he fell in love with Yale the minute he arrived. Compared to Hotchkiss, "it was like hitting Broadway after ten years in a lumber camp," and young Whitney was determined to make the most of it.

He was the young man with a banjo on his knee and a mind full of wisecracks. He began to "heel" for the *Record*, and eventually became its managing editor. He wrote rambling comments for the *Record* ("We like Yale better than we do Harvard. Otherwise we would have gone to Harvard and liked it better than Yale"), and under the names of Sancho Panza and Guy Fawkes, some light light verse for the *News* ("Ruddy-faced the peepul go, Up to Placid for the sno . . ."). Griswold's ambition in life: to be a writer.

Jefferson to Tolleyrand, Yale in the '20s was the Augustan Age for such ambitions. Alumnus Sinclair Lewis had already begun to make a name for himself with *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, and under the impetus of such courses as Professor Henry Seidel Canby's writing course and Professor "Johnny" Berdan's daily themes, Yale turned out Thornton Wilder, Walter Millis, Philip Barry and Stephen Vincent Benét. Griswold reveled in Berdan's Age of Pope, found Johnsonian Chaucery Tinker "the finest lecturer I've ever heard." With Classmates Clare (*White Collar Zoo*) Barnes and Paul Mellon, he helped to found a semi-literary club called "The Mountain." Its purpose: "No purpose." Its motto: "*Je m'en fiche*." He happily enacted literary charades as one of William Lyon Phelps's "Pundits," and just as happily turned down Skull and Bones in favor of Wolf's Head.

As Griswold emerged from Yale in 1929, it was into a world about to crash. When it did ("I must have helped to bring it on"), he was working as a clerk with the Wall Street firm of Harris, Winthrop Co. Griswold soon realized that the world of finance was not for him. What he really wanted to do was to go back to Yale and teach.

At that job he was a natural. From his very first days of correcting English papers for Chaucery Tinker, slipping them under the Great Man's door before breakfast, his rise on the faculty was swift. No single department or subject could hold him: he moved from English to international relations to American history—a one-man "department of everything."

He was a vivacious lecturer with a flair for mimicry. Pacing back & forth with theatrical grimaces and gestures, he could be Jefferson or Silas Deane or Tolleyrand, and students flocked to hear him. He was both irrepressibly merry and irrepressibly concerned. He spent five years compiling

his scholarly *Far Eastern Policy of the United States*, and three years more on his *Farming and Democracy*. These books were not only thorough history, but were meant to be guides for present action. Says a colleague: "You would never catch him writing anything that stopped in 1815."

In World War II, Whitney Griswold organized a special set of courses for U.S. occupation officers. Under his direction, Yale's Foreign Area and Language Curriculum and its Civil Affairs Training School became among the best going. For the university itself, they were also something of an eye-opener: no one had really realized before that Whitney Griswold could also be a crack executive.

"Pull Up Your Socks." One day in February 1950, Griswold and his slender, black-haired wife Mary took off for Manhattan to see *Caesar and Cleopatra*. That day, their old friend President Roswell Ham of Mt. Holyoke College happened to join them at lunch. Ham was somewhat depressed, Griswold recalls, full of the worries and frustrations of being a college president; and when he finished talking, Griswold could not help heaving a sigh of relief. "Thank God," he said to his wife when lunch was over, "we're not in that racket."

Though he did not know it at the time, he was already in the racket. That very morning the Corporation had met and picked Whitney Griswold to be Yale's 16th president. "Pull up your socks, boy, and get on with it," Dean Acheson told him. With some misgivings, Griswold did.

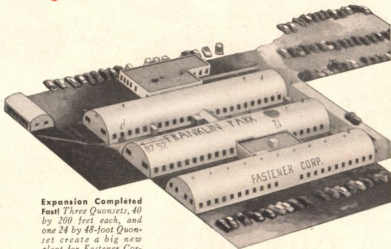
It was not too easy at first. At his very first formal faculty reception, his garage was set on fire by a pyromaniac. When he had to abolish Yale's traditionally boisterous Derby Day, a mob of students marched on his house, was turned away by a few firm words from the president. And wherever he looked, Yale's awesome operating deficit (\$450,000 last year) was there to haunt him.

Griswold wrote a theme song—"Some Insolvent Evening." He took a slogan from a mayonnaise jar—"Keep cool but do not freeze." Gradually, his life began to settle itself into a pattern.

Refreshing Prejudices. In the presidential mansion with its nine bathrooms and 20 rooms, visitors would sometimes come upon him playing carpet bowls in the state parlor with one of his four children, or singing with a group of Whiffenpoofs about the fire ("I'm an honorary member"). And on his way to his office in Woodbridge Hall, he would still stop now & then to level his Leica, snap a camera shot of a student, a building or a professor. But once in his office, seated at his 18th Century slant-top desk, Whitney Griswold proved he knows how to govern.

He is a president with refreshing prejudices—against luncheons, conferences, pretentious convocations, surveys, group projects, and all the pressure enterprises universities are prone to indulge in. His beliefs are just as refreshing. He is for the big man with the big idea—the great scholars ("To whom else do we owe our progress from savagery?"), and the great

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teachers ("A Socrates in every classroom").

In accordance with these beliefs, he has set up a \$1,000,000 fellowship program to give young scholars in the humanities a chance they rarely get today. For the university, he has picked his appointments well (among them: Novelist Robert Penn Warren, Chemist John G. Kirkwood, Political Scientist James W. Fesler). He has even reached down to the secondary schools, which he regards as the weakest link in the educational chain. His M.A. for teachers is an attempt to give schoolmen courses—not just in pedagogy, of which they often have too much, but also in the stuff and substance of their subjects, of which they usually have too little.

"Everything Under the Sun." To Whitney Griswold, education is essentially "Madison and Jefferson talking to each other about everything under the sun." Today at Yale, scholars who have not talked to each other for years are beginning to communicate at last. The talk goes on in every classroom, in every corner of the campus. It is Yale's answer to the long, arid years of schizophrenia and specialization, to such critics as Abraham Flexner, who denounced U.S. education as "atomistic," and Robert Hutchins, who dubbed it "disunity, discord and disorder."

The land of the Whiffenpoof has become a land of new horizons—a land where subjects, once unrelated in teaching, are coming together like parts of a vast jigsaw puzzle. Under Dean Edmund W. Sinnott of the Division of the Sciences and Dean William C. DeVane of the Humanities, the Sheffield Scientific School and the College merged, and a whole new set of studies has been set up to give students a common, broad education—"the background," said Dean Sinnott, "of all human knowledge." But the artificial wall between "Sheff" and "Ac" was only the first to go. Now, the walls between the professional schools and the college are beginning to crumble, and professors once confined to law or medicine or divinity are teaching undergraduate courses.

But it is in the experimental Directed Studies program that Yale seems to be searching for the pattern of the future. Here, philosophy is the core about which history, literature and the sciences revolve like planets. Philosophy holds them together, relates them, gives them life in common. It is Yale's boldest attempt to make education a whole.

In making it so, Yale is only reverting to its old role as conservator. As far back as 1828, it rose up against the mounting U.S. cry for a "more practical" specialized education: "The object of . . . this college is not to give a partial education consisting of a few branches only . . . Our duty to our country demands of us an effort to provide the means of a thorough education . . . The greater the impulse to action, the greater is the need of wise and skillful guidance. When nearly all the ship's crew are aloft, setting the topsails, and catching the breezes, it is necessary there should be a steady hand at the helm." In 1951, Yale sees the need the same.

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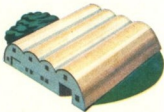
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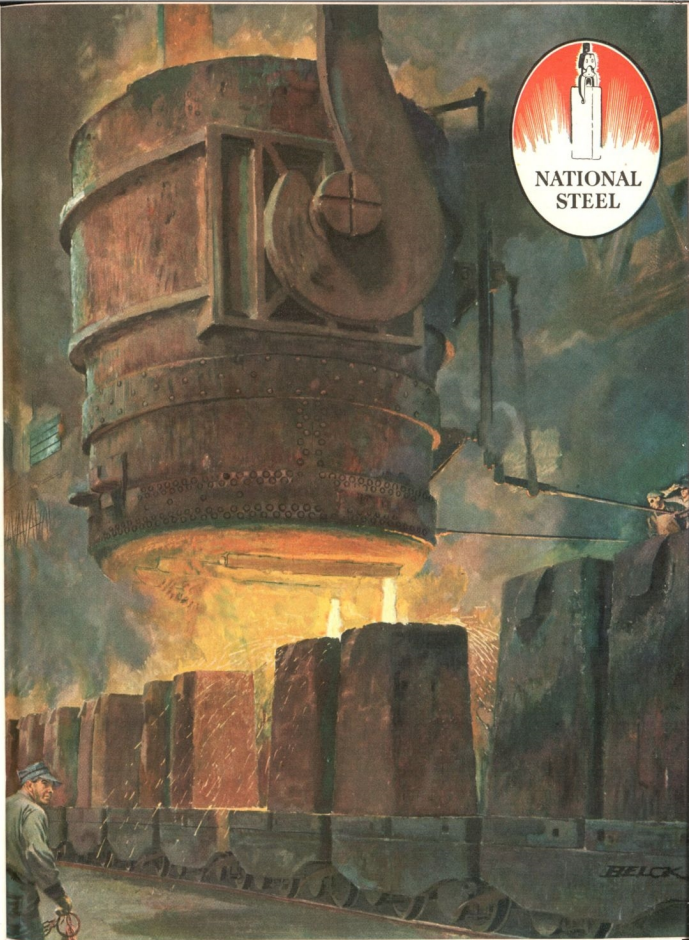
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Hard-Working Angels

At Manhattan's Town Hall one night last week, Conductor Eduardo Caso called his chorus into a backstage huddle. The big New York critics were out front, he said. "They can make us or break us. It's do or die."

The chorus, 28 well-scrubbed boys (9 to 15) from Tucson, Ariz., nodded solemnly, got into their costumes: choral robes in three shades of blue, covering western denims and cowboy boots beneath. Onstage, they froze their eyes on their austere boss and began singing. They piped sweetly, if a little uncertainly, through such concert showpieces as Stradella's *Pietà Signore*, Bach's *Suscepit Israel* and Mozart's *Alleluia*. Then they shed their robes. For the rest of the program, the boys sang one song each of Debussy and Handel, a group of folk songs and westerns punctuated with coyote calls and calf bawls, wound up an hour later in a high-gear, breathless arrangement of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*.

When it was over, the audience gurgled like a bunch of doting mothers. Gushed one matron: "Angels—all of them!" Director Caso had polished the Arizona Boys Chorus well. They were as well disciplined as paratroopers. And their voices, like their faces, were shiny and pure.

British-born Eduardo Caso, 50, moved to the U.S. in 1930, sang on the radio for a while, then came down with tuberculosis and went to Tucson for the cure. Says he: "For two years I did nothing. And then I decided I had to make money. I opened a singing school and rounded up the best boys I could find and began training them. At first the town wasn't

very cooperative, but they're coming around now." Caso gives his boys six hours a week of rehearsal, stresses one thing above all: "Discipline. Discipline first, relax later."

In Manhattan the boys finally got a chance to relax. First stop: the Statue of Liberty.

New Limelight at 60

Czech Composer Bohuslav Martinu wrote a slapstick one-act opera in 1937 called *Comedy on the Bridge*. It was a satire on war, and everybody had a good time when they heard the Prague radio premiere that year. Says Expatriate Martinu, sad-eyed, 60, and full of memories of Munich and its aftermath: "Six months later, I could not have written it."

Last week the Opera Workshop of Manhattan's Mannes School of Music honored Martinu, its most distinguished faculty member, with two bang-up performances—the first in the U.S.—of his old one-act. Most startled with its success was Martinu himself, who had always considered the work purely a Czech chuckle. His one admonition to the Workshop group was: "Keep it a comedy." A cast of eight expert singers, accompanied by a chamber orchestra, played the well-scored opera as a near-burlesque.

A Riddle. Martinu's bridge separates two nameless warring armies. Anyone with a pass may enter the bridge, but may neither cross to the other side nor return. Thus trapped are two silly lovers and a brewer and his wife. After a brief recognition of their situation, they promptly forget it, preferring to sing to each other of their personal problems.

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A Twinkle. For Composer Martinu, the first U.S. performance of an opera by him is a step into a new limelight. Since he settled in the U.S. in 1941, his new compositions (e.g., five symphonies, a third piano concerto, many chamber works) have spread his name as a topflight instrumental writer. His orchestral works have been played by such orchestras as the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, the



Arthur Shay

BOHUSLAV MARTINU

Let us be gay.

NBC Symphony and the Boston. But few Americans knew that he had written ten operas, or that half of the operas are comedies.

Martinu lives modestly in a third-floor Manhattan walkup. He has received a few commissions, makes most of his money teaching a weekly composition class at Mannes, another at Princeton. Only his last few U.S. works bring royalties, and they are tiny. Few recordings of his music are available here. Most of his manuscripts are still in Czechoslovakia, and irretrievable. So are his Czech royalties.

But the success of *Comedy* has brought a twinkle to Martinu's eye. He will compose opera again, aiming at a City Center production in Manhattan. Says he: "The Met is very fine, but it is too big."

Meanwhile, he has plans for a new *Symphonic Fantastique*, with the Boston Symphony's Charles Munch in mind. Says Martinu: "We need to be a little romantic in this moment, I think, a little gay."

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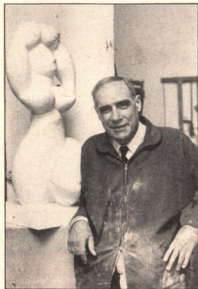
until you read it"... "It's told in an interesting way so anyone can understand. My daughter, age ten, understood all of it"... "In picture form it impresses you more. Most people don't read about it"... "Had ideas that we wouldn't think about otherwise while we are working away—good book, agree with it—I guess I won't be the only one."

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Good-Natured Frenchman

Paris' Museum of Modern Art was as full of cheerful curves as a tank of porpoises. Reason: a big show of the ballooning sculptures of 66-year-old French Sculptor Henri Laurens. Laurens, a sculptor in a generation noted mainly for its painters, is little known outside his own set, which includes School-of-Paris Veterans Picasso, Braque and Léger. But his big bulging nudes last week earned him plaudits from critics as the greatest of living French sculptors.

Laurens had waited a long time for such cheers. The son of a Parisian day laborer, he apprenticed himself to a stone carver at 14, attended free sculpture classes in public night school. Before World War I, he took a studio in Montmartre, began



SCULPTOR LAURENS & "LA LUNE"
He went to the sea for curves.

hobnobbing with Paris' artist-revolutionaries, translating their cubist experiments into blocky, three-dimensional breakdowns of guitars, women and bottles. But as Laurens' friend, Cubist André Lhôte, puts it, "The painters had the luck—the bourgeoisie liked the colors. But the poor sculptors! The women were afraid the corners would catch the plumes in their hats." Few prospective buyers took notice of Laurens' experiments in wood and stone.

In the '20s, Laurens began smoothing his angles and swelling his planes into ripe curves. "I felt I was drying out," he explains. "I wanted something more sensual. I wanted to do the things that laugh, above all what there is in a truly feminine woman. Cubism was too strict. I wanted to humanize." Trips to the Brittany seacoast increased his affection for billowing curves. Sitting on the beach he decided, "The sea has a good thumb. It molds everything. Much came of watching the

sea, the fish, the women on the beach, the green things and water grass."

Getting the friendly curves of sea and bathers into his work seemed to do little to increase Laurens' popularity. While his friends issued manifestoes, wrangled and sold their boldest experiments on a booming art market, Laurens worked quietly, and his sculpture piled up in the shady garden of his house outside Paris.

Brought in from the garden for the show, Laurens' curvy nudes looked rather like stones worn by the sea's thumb into bland symbols for human flesh and frame. His figures were perfectly innocent of erotic detail, had none of the heavy grossness of an Epstein. They just showed a good-natured man's happy eye, a sculptor's firm hand.

Rush at the Whitney

To raise money for their building fund, the four-year-old New York Artists Equity Association offered the public a grab-bag art show at the Whitney Museum. The terms were challengingly simple. Admission: \$100 a couple and take your pick of more than 500 pieces of donated painting and sculpture—some of them by such topnotchers as Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Ben Shahn, Isabel Bishop and William Zorach. The only catch: the art was all untitled and signatures were taped over with adhesive.

Art lovers jumped at the challenge. By 3 p.m. one day last week—four hours before the doors opened—they began to queue up outside the museum with camp stools, box lunches and Thermos jugs of Martinis. At 7 p.m. the Whitney opened its doors and the 1,000-odd lined up outside began to pour in.

First customer in was a woman from Goshen, N.Y. who was looking for a sculpture by Gwen Lux that she had seen in the papers. But in the melee she overlooked it and placed a red sticker, sealing her choice, on a ceramic by somebody else. Other red stickers blossomed on frames and pedestals at the rate of five a minute. One man, pausing to pose for photographers in front of his favorite, neglected to plant his sticker first; he turned a moment later to find another bargain hunter had tagged it while his back was turned. A woman, looking for a painting by John Marin (whose work was not in the show) spent \$200 worth of stickers, only to be disappointed when she learned the artists' names. "Well, I certainly got some stinkers!" she muttered. "Who ever heard of them?" Among other buyers were Fleur Cowles of *Look* magazine, who got abstractions by Hans Hoffmann and George L. K. Morris, Novelist Kathleen (*Forever Amber*) Winsor, who got a landscape, and the University of Georgia museum, which picked up three paintings and two sculptures.

By 8:30 the rush was over and all but a few of the pictures had been spoken for. Artists Equity had \$52,000 toward its building fund, and nobody had been seriously hurt.

Intermittent Lighting

For centuries, Haiti has been all but barren of art, but today it burgeons with earnest and wonderfully original painters. Their greatest accomplishment: the embellishing of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral at Port-au-Prince with murals, some of which are reproduced on the opposite page.

The murals are painted in the artists' own terms—those of a Negro people with a hungry, vine-choked, voodoo-ridden way of life. Their work is not purely religious because no art ever is. The radiance of God and the saints can be pictured only through the dark windows of human experience.

Highbrow tourists have praised the murals to the skies; many local churchgoers are bewildered by them. Some of the artists say they are satisfied with their work; a troubled few say, "C'e pas faite moien [It's not my fault]."

Sugary Chromos. Resident Bishop Alfred Voegeli picked the subjects to be painted. Two American directors of Haiti's Centre d'Art, DeWitt Peters and Selden Rodman, assigned and supervised the work. The artists were bound to be influenced by the sugary religious chromos imported from Europe and tacked up in thousands of Haitian homes. Rodman kept insisting that they also incorporate Haitian scenes of the sort they generally paint. The result is an arresting but badly integrated mixture of "pious" and "native" art, made vital by rich colors and the intermittent lighting of individual inspiration.

Rigaud Benoit made the Christ child in his *Nativity* a mulatto out of deference to Rodman, though his personal opinion is that "God is white, and the Devil is black, or else dark red, like Damballa [a voodoo deity]." Philomè Obin prayed every day before going to work on the center panel above the altar, stuck a chromo cliché "Eye of God" in one corner and painted a strangely feminine, death-rigid Christ crucified in a Haitian street. Castera Bazile, the only one of the Haitian muralists with a monumental sense of figure composition, used a similar street scene for his *Ascension*, made his angels look like flower petals in a whirlwind.

Living Roots. Some critics call Préfet DuFaut's *Temptation* unconsciously Byzantine; others can see no sign of Christian elements in it. Wilson Bigaud, who attends voodoo rites more often than church, made his *Wedding at Cana* a lively Haitian party dominated by a Christ with a weak, drained face and a mighty hand ("He is praying that the miracle will be a success," Bigaud says). Leontus' *Annunciation*, boldly composed to fill a difficult, wedge-shaped corner, has a full measure of the urgency that marks the cathedral's best murals.

Religious art, like religion itself, has its roots in urgency and its blossoms in serenity. Small serenity may be found in these murals, but the living roots are there. Considering the sorry state of modern religious art, that is a good deal.

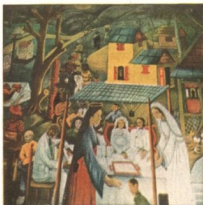


BENOIT'S "NATIVITY," OBIN'S "CRUCIFIXION" & BAZILE'S "ASCENSION" IN HAITI'S PORT-AU-PRINCE EPISCOPAL CATHEDRAL

Byron Coronos



DUFAUT'S "TEMPTATION"



BIGAUD'S "WEDDING AT CANA"



LEONTUS' "ANNUNCIATION"

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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the New Orleans Item:
NEW HEADS
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Credit Line of the Week

Under a photo in the New York *Daily News* of Pope Pius X (see RELIGION):
"Stork Club foto."

How to Interview MacArthur

The Manhattan newsmen covering General Douglas MacArthur at the Waldorf-Astoria have had a dull time. They have seen little of MacArthur himself, gotten no interviews, spoken only with his spokesman, Major General Courtney Whitney.



John Zimmerman

REPORTER ROBERTS
Old tricks are good tricks.

Before most newspapers gave up the chase as a waste of time, the newsmen paraphrased an old bit of doggerel:

*Here is the Waldorf-Astoria
The home of the rich and the odd,
Where the press speaks only to Whitney,
And Whitney speaks only to God.*

Last week a visiting Negro newspaperman named Stanley Roberts put their lack of reportorial enterprise to shame. Roberts, 36, Washington bureau chief of the Pittsburgh *Courier*, got the first published interview with MacArthur since his return to the U.S. It was not the first time Cincinnati-born Roberts has scored a newsbeat. He got the first exclusive interview with Dr. Ralph Bunche when the United Nations mediator returned from Israel, was the first to uncover the court-martial death sentence of Negro Lieut. Leon Gilbert in Korea (*TIME*, Dec. 11).

Roberts got his interview by an old reporter's trick: he sent word to MacArthur

that the Communist *Daily Worker* and some Negro papers had been calling MacArthur a "white supremacist," blaming him for Army segregation in the Far East and for "excessive" court-martialing of Negroes. Roberts asked for an interview to get MacArthur's views on the race question, and the summons came.

While MacArthur let his waiting lunch grow cold, he spent an hour telling Roberts how he had spent the last 25 years of his life "among the colored peoples of the world," sympathized with their aspirations and needs. As for courts-martial, MacArthur agreed that they might have been excessive, pointed out that he had launched an investigation. And if he had used "Jim Crow" military units, he had not created them: "They were created in Washington and sent to me . . . I did not ask for men by race, I asked . . . for 'men.'" Then MacArthur fixed Roberts with a stern stare, and gave him his lead for his two-part *Courier* series this week. Said the general: "I have one criticism of Negro troops who fought under my command in the Korean war. They didn't send me enough of them."

"A Good Start"

As reporter and later city editor for the Atlanta *Journal* (circ. 250,095), Bob Collins was a crusading young newsman who never let go of a story until he got official action. Example: after the war, he wrote two long series exposing Army waste in Georgia that resulted in two congressional investigations, got the practices stopped. Six months ago, Journalist Collins, 34, got a new job as *Journal* editorial writer and columnist. Instead of retiring into an ivory tower, he went right on crusading, though often in such minor—and popular—causes as the lack of courtesy among bus drivers. This spring, Bob Collins turned his fire on a bigger target.

In a series of columns, he wrote that the local policy racket, long known as the "bug," was flourishing more than ever. Its headquarters, wrote Collins, had shifted from Atlanta to nearby Clayton County, where residents complained of "prostitution, bootlegging . . . brawling in the roadhouses and occasional slayings." Said Collins: the local cops are doing nothing about it. In high dudgeon, Clayton County's Sheriff W. L. Dickson wrote the editors challenging Collins to prove that there was anything wrong in the county. Said Collins: "That made me mad."

Collins enlisted Baptist Minister Hoyt Farr and Methodist Minister Roland Walker as witnesses, set forth one night for the Hunt and Lido Clubs, in dry Clayton County. Collins talked his way past burly bouncers and a front door with iron bars, got a minister ("my buddy") into each club with him. In his column, he reported what they had seen: "The Hunt Club [has] a well-stocked bar . . . big stacks of gambling chips and the biggest crap or gaming table you are likely to see in these parts . . . At the Lido Club . . .



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there is a gambling room with a bar . . ."
Last week, only three days after Bob Collins' exposé, Clayton County's grand jury called him and his "buddies" to testify, indicted eight operators of the Lido and the Hunt for gambling and selling liquor illegally. Said the Atlanta Constitution, sister paper of the Journal: "We hope that yesterday's indictments are but a first step in a wholesale cleanup . . . A good start has already been made . . ."

Mum's the Word

With the anticipatory air of a man eager to be a martyr, Columnist Leonard Lyons bustled into Manhattan's federal court last week. As he had proclaimed in his column, he was ready to go to jail rather than reveal the sources for items about Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, condemned atom bomb spies. Sample item: the Rosenbergs could still win leniency if they told all they knew about atom spying.

Federal Judge John C. Knox had already ruled that Lyons must reveal his sources—if the items were relevant to the case (TIME, May 14). When Judge Knox became ill, Judge Henry W. Goddard took over. Like Judge Knox, Judge Goddard brushed aside Lyons' argument that the relationship between a newsman and his sources is (as Lyons had contended) as privileged as the communications between lawyer and client. Ruled Judge Goddard: "Newspaper correspondents must answer pertinent questions if they are relevant . . ." Then he dashed any hopes of martyrdom for Columnist Lyons, ruled that his items weren't relevant and Lyons didn't have to tell.

Cops in the Lobby

Just before midnight, two policemen walked into Teheran's Park Hotel last week looking for Sefton Delmer, crack foreign correspondent for the London Daily Express. They were not sure of his looks, though to other correspondents in Iran Delmer's rotund, 250-lb. figure and flamboyant air were as well known as stories about his big expense accounts. When Delmer lumbered in from filing a dispatch on the oil crisis, one policeman asked: "Are you Mr. Sefton?" Snapped Delmer: "No, and if you have any business with me, you'd better make sure I'm the right man."

While the cops trudged off to check up, Delmer got off a flash to his London office: COPS WAITING FOR ME STOP SEE YOU SOON. The Express broke open its last edition to splash a bannerline across Page One: PERSIA EXPELS DELMER.

Illustrious Company. When the cops returned, they had the name straight. They handed Delmer a note: "According to a decision of the cabinet, you will leave Teheran within 24 hours of receiving this." The officers asked Delmer to sign a receipt. Angriely he wrote: "I have received the above order. I protest against . . . this outrageous violation of the freedom of the press and the United Nations Charter."

The experience was nothing new for Delmer. In 20 years of global reporting for Lord Beaverbrook, he has been ex-



"Don't look now, but I think you forgot the Angostura* in the gentleman's Manhattan."

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While Delmer was being served, Haig Nicholson, Reuters' veteran Middle East manager, got called out of a bridge game at the British colony's Teheran Club to be handed a similar order. Next day, the British ambassador demanded an explanation. He was told that a special press commission had tried and convicted Delmer of "vilifying and defaming the country," Nicholson of "changing the truth." Explained Prime Minister Mossadeq: "Of course, the two correspondents were not present at this trial, but I have no doubt that the verdict was amply justified."

Lost Word. The explanation did not satisfy the foreign press corps in Teheran. In a body, it assembled at the Foreign Ministry to demand specifics. Lameely, Deputy Premier Hussein Fatimi quoted excerpts from *Daily Express* editorials



London Daily Express

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT DELMER
Not present at his trial.

(which Delmer did not write), referred vaguely to a supposedly inaccurate Reuters' report, sternly added that Iran has no need to tolerate "insults and lies." New York Timesman Michael Clark, informal spokesman for the group, snapped right back with a lecture on freedom of the press. Said he: "The reflections with which we have just been gratified are more generally heard in police states . . . We cannot concede the right of this government to give us lessons in professional conscience . . . The Deputy Premier and his government have presumed to constitute themselves the guardians of truth."

Quietly, Nicholson packed his bags and departed for Baghdad. Correspondent Delmer got off a last jab at the government as he bought air passage to Beirut. He handed the telegraph office a message to his office, knowing it would be relayed to Iranian officials. Wrote Delmer: "I called the Persian government oil-grabbers and contract-breakers, and I still do."



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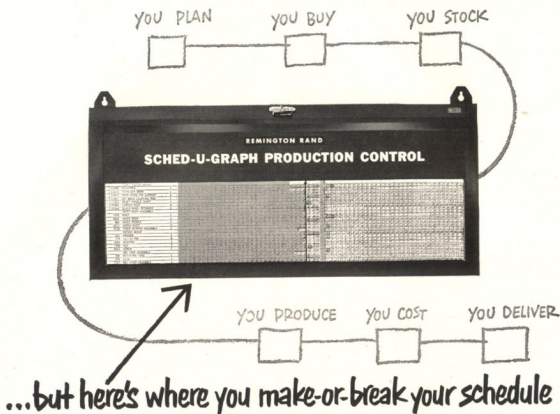
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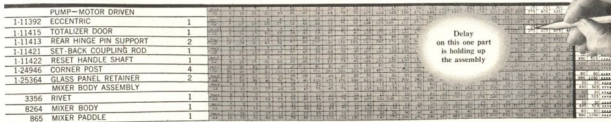
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today's date, and shows how much work should be done. In this case, all components but one — the totalizer door — are on or ahead of schedule, but the whole assembly is delayed. You see the delinquent in a flash, and know exactly where corrective action is needed.



BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Welcome War

A shopper pushed her way into Macy's department store in Manhattan one day last week, panted out orders to her children: "Bobby, you go to the Mixmasters; Helen, you take the escalator and line up at the Hopalong Cassidy's, and I'll get in line to buy papa a suit." Like thousands of others, the mother & children were cashing in on the biggest price war in the history of New York retailing.

The rush into the store was so great that customers tried to push through the "In" and "Out" side of a Macy's revolving door at the same time; the door fell flat. In the store, jammed tight with frantic bargain-hunters, Toastmasters were slashed from \$23 to \$14.72; Sunbeam Mixmasters were cut from \$46.50 to \$26.50, and hundreds of other items were cut from 6% to 40%. Down the street, Macy's big rival posted its famed slogan: "Nobody but nobody undersells Gimbels," matched Macy's cuts. Across the East River, in Brooklyn's Abraham & Straus, prices went down just as fast.

Knife Sharp. The war was declared last week when Macy's trimmed 6% from 5,978 fair-traded items, following a U.S. Supreme Court decision which knocked a key prop from under fair-trade laws (TIME, June 4). Warned Macy's Richard Weil Jr.: If competitors matched the cuts, Macy's would slash prices another 6% "quicker than you can say 'knife.'" But Gimbels had its own knife ready. To keep tabs on Macy's, Gimbels set up a GHQ to direct its comparison shoppers, added 287 assistant buyers and its training squad of 43 college students to its staff of a dozen shoppers. From its own GHQ, Macy's spied just as closely.

In a few days, the war spread to Bloomingdale's, Saks-34th and, to a limited extent, to dozens of other New York City stores. Customers lined up before big charts, where changes in prices were scrawled, as breathlessly as stock brokers watching a ticker tape in a collapsing market. Such items as Haspel summer suits opened at \$32.50, started sliding a few dollars at a time, closed at \$19.24 at week's end. James Jones's bestselling *From Here to Eternity* fell from \$4.50 to \$1.94; Waterman fountain pens were cut from \$3.95 to \$2.09; copper pans from \$1.39 to 45¢; 5-h.p. outboard motors from \$203.95 to \$157.00; Palm Beach suits from \$29.95 to \$16.94.

Sales soared to fantastic heights. Macy's pushed 400 Mixmasters over the counter in 45 minutes v. the usual ten daily. Gimbels sold 5,100 Palm Beach suits in three days, v. normal volume of 150 a day.

The buying craze spread to items whose prices were not cut; housewives felt they had "saved" so much on loss leaders they spent freely on everything. Sales of women's shoes and muslin sheets were 200% above normal at Macy's. Storewide vol-

ume in Gimbels and Abraham & Straus jumped 40% and 50%.

Cutoff. As the supply of goods wore thin, so did tempers. Gimbels lashed out at Macy's advertised policy of selling all goods 6% cheaper for cash. "A misleading claim," snapped Executive Vice President Louis Broido. "Nobody can continuously undersell everybody else on everything by 6% or 60% while rendering equivalent services . . . Every thinking person knows [this] just isn't true." But Gimbels didn't quit the price marathon. "Waltz us around again Willie," sang its ads. "If somebody plays the tune, we'll dance and dance . . . Macy's didn't get tired, either, kept cutting prices."

This week the battle of 34th Street began to spread out into a nationwide war.



BARGAIN-HUNTERS AT MACY'S
Gimbels joined in the waltz.

Ray Stevens

San Francisco's Weinstein's department store started cutting prices, and the rival Emporium followed suit, declared: "We didn't become the biggest store in San Francisco by selling at higher prices." In Omaha, the Smith Drug chain signed up for the duration of the price war; prices of fair-traded items began to tumble in Memphis and other cities.

Some prices had been bound to come down anyway because of bulging inventories. Many retailers were stocked with double the number of household appliances they had last year, and sales had been running only 4% better. Sears, Roebuck & Co. listed hundreds of price cuts this week in its midsummer catalogue, which went to press weeks ago. All this had one important effect in Washington. The price-cutting was bound to give plenty of ammunition to those who opposed the Administration's campaign for tighter controls on credit and prices.

that he had intended to tip anyone. In fact, he said, he had gotten his dope out of a broker's letter reporting that Walter Mack, onetime boss of Pepsi-Cola, "was trying to buy control of N.P. & L. to be used as distributor for a new soft drink firm."

Next day Walter Mack made everything clear. He announced that Phoenix Industries Corp., a Manhattan capital venture company of which he is now president and a substantial stockholder, had bought 90% control of Nedick's, Inc., which has a chain of 96 hot dog and orange drink stands, a gross of \$10 million a year. Cost: \$3,700,000. Mack also wanted to buy the controlling interest in National Power & Light, held by Electric Bond & Share, for roughly \$1,000,000. He wanted to turn Nedick's management over to N.P. & L. and change the name to National Phoenix Industries, Inc. This deal would give him control over N.P. & L.'s

WALL STREET

The Big Tip

"Wall Streeters are cocking an orb," wrote Walter Winchell last week, "at a stock . . . which sells for less than \$1 the share . . . It peddled over 100,000 shares last week. Big tip . . . Utility." The Street had no trouble identifying the stock as National Power & Light, which in the last ten days had suddenly become one of the most active on the big board. After Winchell's tip the stock soared. In one day, heavy buying sent it from 94½¢ a share to \$1.25, a rise of 33%.

Then Winchell, who may have heard Wall Street gossip that the Securities & Exchange Commission was looking into the tips on N.P. & L., carefully denied

Like a Shire draft horse, Cast Iron Pipe is known for **STRENGTH**



The strengths demanded of pipe to be laid under expensive modern pavements, if costly repairs and replacements are to be avoided, are known strengths—proved by experience and determinable by tests. The four strength factors that pipe must have to withstand beam stresses, external loads, traffic shocks and abnormal working pressures are shock strength, crushing strength, beam strength and bursting strength. *No pipe, deficient in any of these strength factors, should ever be laid in paved streets of cities, towns or villages!* Cast iron water and gas mains, laid over a century ago, are serving today in the streets of 30 or more cities. These service records prove that cast iron pipe not only resists corrosion but has all the vital strength factors of long life and economy. Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago 3.

CAST IRON PIPE

SERVES  FOR CENTURIES

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IT IDENTIFIES CAST IRON PIPE

assets (\$2,000,000 in cash) and enable him to get a Stock Exchange listing for the combine quickly and without the usual time and expense.

The contract was all signed, Mack told SEC. All he needed was SEC approval. (Since SEC had ordered Electric Bond & Share to get rid of N.P. & L. under the Public Utility Holding Company Act, chances were good that SEC would approve.) While he was in a buying mood, Mack also made an offer to individual



WALTER MACK

Wide World

With hot dogs, an explanation.

holders of N.P. & L. stock. He would buy their stock at 45¢ a share (10¢ more than its book value). That was the price he was paying Electric Bond & Share for its holdings. Thus, those who had rushed to buy on Winchell's big tip had paid almost three times as much as Mack thought the stock was worth.

ARMAMENT

The Body Snatcher

Sidney J. Weinberg is a little man (5 ft. 4 in.) with a New York accent who is almost unknown to the public. But in Wall Street and in Washington, he is widely and favorably known as "the body snatcher." He earned his nickname as Chief Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson's right-hand man. He can get along with anyone, first-name big businessmen all over the U.S., and, more importantly, persuade them to take top posts in the defense program, just as he did in World War II.

Weinberg volunteered to help Wilson out for only 90 days, but he stayed on an extra 2½ months at Wilson's request. During that time, he helped staff the mobilization program with such top men as Clay Bedford, boss of the Kaiser shipyards during the war; Harvard Professor William Yandell Elliott, a raw materials expert; and George Harrison, president of A.F.L.'s Brotherhood of Railway Clerks. Last week



*FAIRFAX individual hand towels used by Aetna Life Insurance Company are serviced by Hartford Apron & Towel Supply Company

Aetna Life considers Cotton Towels* important to good employee relations



**Here's How
Linen Supply Works...**

You buy nothing... your linen supply dealer supplies everything. The low cost includes cabinets, pick-up and delivery, provides automatic supply of freshly laundered towels. Quantities can be increased or decreased on short notice. Local service is listed in your classified book under **SERVILINEN** or **LINEN SUPPLY**.

• The giant Aetna Life Insurance Company is housed in the world's largest building of American Colonial architecture. More than 3,300 employees comprise the home office staff of this Hartford, Connecticut, company. Its management, like thousands of other progressive companies, has found that cotton towels best meet its needs for efficient towel service.

Whatever your towel problem... whether you operate a factory, institution, office or store... you can be sure that soft, gentle absorbent cotton towels will do the best job in promoting employee morale, building customer good will, increasing tidiness in your washrooms and cleanliness among your employees. Cotton towel service is economical, it's efficient and it's a sign of good management.

Clean Cotton Towels...
Sure Sign of Good Management

Fairfax® Towels

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TIME, JUNE 11, 1951

99



They come from all over. From Cairo and Capetown, from Shanghai, Rangoon, Calcutta, Johannesburg.

They're written by all kinds of people. A colonel in Cherbourg, broker in Japan, builder in Bombay. They come scribbled, scrawled, typed—phrased in all kinds of English. But they all want investment help... ask for the latest facts on some stock or company, an up-to-date appraisal of their present holdings, or a sound investment program suited to their situation.

That's why we weren't surprised by a recent letter from South America.

The man was an importer, had just read one of our ads, and wrote to ask for our "bright ideas" on investing \$10,000. He said he expected a return of 10 or 15%—asked if that was possible.

The answer from Research didn't surprise us either. It simply stated that such an objective would be "difficult to reach without incurring unusual risk"... pointed out that any number of sound American securities did pay up to 8%... suggested a list of five securities that promised a more moderate—but safer—return.

They supported each selection with a brief dividend history, latest facts on earnings, the payments made last year... then implied that "bright ideas" usually burn out fast—that it's far better to buy on the basis of the best information available, instead.

That's just a random sample of a service we render for thousands of investors each year. To take advantage of it yourself, just ask for the latest facts on stocks that interest you... a current review of your present portfolio—or a sensible program for investing any specific sum. There's no charge, no obligation—whether you're a customer or not! Simply address—

Department S-47

**MERRILL LYNCH,
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the body snatcher finally decided his job was done. He stopped in to see his boss and old friend, regretfully said goodbye, and headed back to his senior partnership in Wall Street's Goldman, Sachs & Co.

Porter's Apprentice. Weinberg started his climb to the top when he was ten years old. One of eleven children of a Brooklyn furrier, he went to work selling papers, soon became a "flower & feather horse," i.e., a delivery boy for women's hats. He went to Wall Street during the 1907 Panic, earned \$5 a day for saving places in lines outside banks that depositors thought would fail. Then he got a job ("assistant to the porter") with Goldman, Sachs & Co.

After a World War I stint in the Navy (he enlisted as a 2nd class cook, ended up a special agent for the War Trade Board), Weinberg became a securities trader. In seven years he had enough money (\$104,000) to buy a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, in 1927 became a partner in Goldman, Sachs. As Weinberg's fame as a shrewd judge of stocks and men spread through the Street, so did his influence. He became director of more than a dozen corporations, including such giants as Sears, Roebuck, B. F. Goodrich, Cluett, Peabody, Continental Can, and General Foods. When World War II began, he was drafted as a dollar-a-year man, served with OPM, and later with WPB, exercised his talent as body snatcher and also as a mediator between Donald Nelson and Charlie Wilson.

"Make It Simple." When Wilson went to Washington again last year, he took Weinberg along. Proud of the fact that he had little formal education, Weinberg liked to twist other mobilizers in spotlight conference with: "Make it simple. Remember, I'm just a boy from P.S. 13." Weinberg's favorite remark to colleagues who couldn't keep up with his lightning-like mind: "You're not so bright today." Dozens of times a day, he would pop across the hall to Wilson's office with a brisk, "You busy, Charlie?" then clear up some mobilization problem.

With Weinberg gone, Wilson will have to rely on new and less experienced aides. But he can be sure that in a pinch, he can always call on his friend; Weinberg will be no farther away than the telephone.

OIL

Patron of the Arts

To show Italians that "we are good citizens and a serious company," Jersey Standard Oil's Italian affiliate decided to run an art contest with \$3,000 in prizes. Last week Esso Standard Italiana picked the winners, handed out the prizes for the best paintings on "Art and the Petroleum Industry."

"We didn't tell the artists what to paint," explained Dr. Aldo Alberti, Esso's contest director. "We just gave them hints. After all, oil is part of every landscape. A gasoline pump to the modern eye is like a tree."

Thirty-four canvases, submitted by some of Italy's best painters, ranged from



PRIZEWINNING REFINERY

To the modern eye, like a tree.

complicated abstractions of Esso's big Italian refineries to rural landscapes dotted with Esso signs. Nino Caffé, who paints nothing but pictures of priests (TIME, Feb. 5), turned in one of two black-robed clerics scurrying past an Esso station.

Esso judges divided the \$1,500 first prize between Franco Gentilini, 42, who did a lively brown and green oil of a refinery (see cut), and Renzo Vespiagnani, 26, a onetime pupil of Gentilini's, who painted a striking night-time scene of a smoke-shrouded refinery.

Vespiagnani, a card-carrying Communist, has no scruples about taking money from U.S. capitalists. "After all," said he, "every painting is a kind of record, a statement that something exists. These oil refineries exist. And anyway, there was nothing in my painting that said 'Go out and buy Esso gasoline.'"



SIDNEY WEINBERG
John Zimmerman
"You busy, Charlie?"

AGRICULTURE

Tempest in a Salad Bowl

When lettuce prices tumbled from \$6 to \$2.25 a crate last month, the growers of California's Salinas Valley, the "Salad Bowl of America," started plowing under half their big crop. For a few days, the plan worked fine. As lettuce became scarcer, prices stabilized. But then the Justice Department started an antitrust suit against the growers. Last week the trust-busters got a court injunction stopping the growers from destroying lettuce.

There was great irony in this action. By it, the legal end of the Government said, in effect, that it was illegal for lettuce-growers to do the very thing the Administration has been doing for years with potatoes.

PERSONNEL

New Boss for Harvester

In a walnut-paneled room high in a Chicago office building one morning last week, Fowler McCormick, 52, International Harvester Co.'s chairman and big stockholder, met his board of directors for a showdown. The directors wanted to make President John Lawrence McCaffrey top dog in the company, turn the chairmanship into an advisory post. McCormick opposed the change, but the directors approved it anyway. Promptly McCormick resigned as chairman (but not as a director). For the first time since 1831, when Fowler McCormick's grandfather Cyrus introduced the reaper, the largest U.S. maker of agricultural equipment had no McCormick in a top executive post.

Fowler McCormick, after breezing through Groton and Princeton, had joined the company as a \$25-a-week factory worker in 1925, worked up through the engineering, accounting and sales departments to a vice presidency in 1934. He was president from 1941 to 1946 when Harvester smoothly shifted to wartime production of armored vehicles, shells and airplane cowlings along with peacetime farm equipment. When he was made chairman five years ago, directors changed the bylaws to let him keep the chief executive powers. McCormick decentralized the company's management, sparkplugged its \$150 million postwar expansion, helped boost profits from \$22 million in 1946 to \$66,700,000 last year. He also made a reputation as a business statesman, favored liberal pensions, cost-of-living adjustments and other benefits, personally mediated a strike last fall by giving the union almost everything it wanted.

But over the past 2½ years, weakened by an attack of virus pneumonia, McCormick was away from his desk for prolonged periods, missed directors' meetings time & again, left the job—but not the authority—of running the company to McCaffrey. This was presumably the chief reason the directors clipped McCormick of his power. Another reason, according to union gossip: the directors objected to McCormick's too-liberal labor policies. (Even with them, Harvester has been

• "you name it... I helped make it!"



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Now you see it; now you don't. Put camouflaged clothing on a fighting man. Place him in a thicket. He disappears. How is cloth camouflaged? With a starch product! Mixed with dye-stuffs, as a thickener, it helps to print intricate patterns with razor-sharp detail. Nature-true colors. And deep penetration that resists fading. Starch is versatile! It prints everything from tough military cottons to fashionable gossamer sheers.

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**isn't what it
used to be!**

Not in the calendar business, at any rate

Time was when almost all calendars were ornamented by an enticing female and bore a simple advertisement (like as not for axle grease or road graders).

Since then, the calendar industry has come a long way. The illustrations today are generally more closely related to the product or service offered by the advertiser, and the simple advertisement has grown to be a source of useful information.

The very newest are the twenty-five Specialized Trade Calendars produced by Kemper-Thomas.* Each is designed for a specific type of business and contains up to twelve pages of information designed to increase sales. Dairies, for instance, give their customers and prospects the Kemper-Thomas Dairy Calendar because it is more than a calendar. Prepared in cooperation with the National Dairy Council, Chicago, it stimulates the use and purchase of all



dairy products by showing new and appetizing ways to use them.

Because of their usefulness (and attractiveness), these Kemper-Thomas Specialized Trade Calendars have become the most widely distributed in the trades they cover. And without the benefit of so much as a single well-turned ankle.

To learn more about the tremendous power of the custom-made calendar (and other Kemper-Thomas calendars), as well as about the selling ability of all other forms of gift advertising, see your Kemper-Thomas man or write on your letterhead for a copy of "Making Friends for Your Business."

KEMPER-THOMAS

Advertising that lives CINCINNATI 12, OHIO
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plagued by strikes by its Red-line C.I.O. United Farm Equipment and Metal Workers union.)

Harvester's new boss, 58-year-old Larry McCaffrey, is a company veteran. The son of a blacksmith, he went to work at 16 at Harvester, rose through the sales department (McCormick was his assistant), was made second vice president and a director after McCormick became president. For years, the "two Macs" worked as a team, and Mac McCaffrey wanted to keep it that way. Said he last week: "I asked [McCormick] to change his mind after the meeting. I will ask him again the first time I see him."

SHOW BUSINESS

Enter Telemeter

Paramount Pictures Corp., which has invested more in television than any other moviemaker, last week invested another estimated \$250,000. It bought a half interest in International Telemeter Corp., which thinks it has a method to make televisioners pay for current movies or any other special program.

A Telemeter is a small (8 in. by 4 in.) box which can be attached to a TV set. When a coin is deposited in the Telemeter, according to the company's officials, it unscrambles a TV signal allowing the customer to see a special program which would otherwise be merely a blur on his set. Unlike Phonovision (TIME, Jan. 8), which requires a signal from the telephone company and a charge on the customer's phone bill, Telemeters do all their own work. Once a month a Telemeter serviceman would empty the coin box, replace the electronic tape in the Telemeter that records the programs paid for by the owner. The money would be split up among Telemeter and the sponsors of the programs. Within two months, Telemeter expects to run public tests of its system.

GOVERNMENT

Rattling the Bones

Now that RFC has a new and vigorous boss, a lot of skeletons are coming out of the closet. Last week, Administrator W. Stuart Symington opened the door on what looked like the biggest, ugliest skeleton of all: RFC's \$87 million loan to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, largest ever given to any U.S. railroad, during the regime of Jesse Jones. In the last eight years, the B. & O. has paid back only \$6,800,000, although the road is fat with profits. (Other roads have paid back 80% of their RFC loans.)

The skeleton was first glimpsed by New Hampshire's Republican Senator Charles W. Tobey four years ago. As chairman of a Senate subcommittee probing RFC, he wrote a blistering report accusing RFC and B. & O. officials of evading payment of the loans by "collusive" bankruptcy. But Tobey failed to get the committee to agree and the report was never released. Last week the report came out after an ex-Tobey aide, Randolph Phillips, a Washington financial consultant, reported-



Shows 20% Increase In Business! Grocery Owner Gives Credit To Frigidaire Display Case

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—"When I installed my Frigidaire Display Case, I rearranged my store fixtures to give the new case a prominent location," says C. F. Skinner, owner of Skinner's Grocery, 104 Smith St. "It proved a wise move because I can truthfully say that this case has brought a 20% increase in my business. I am well pleased with the efficient, economical operation of the case—and I'm grateful for the splendid service rendered by Dutchess Refrigeration of Poughkeepsie, my Frigidaire Dealer."



Refrigerated Display Case

FREE! See how you can cut your costs—increase your profits. Call your Frigidaire Dealer today for a free Refrigeration Security Analysis of your refrigeration equipment. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio.

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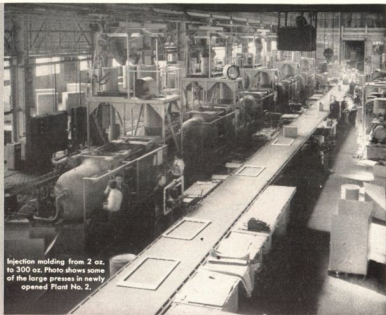
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Definitely
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Mr. Boston Distiller Inc., Boston, Massachusetts

TIME, JUNE 11, 1951

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military
or
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**Products
of Plastics...**

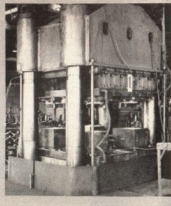


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ly leaked key sections to *Herald Tribune* Reporter Jack Steele and Columnist Drew Pearson.

Like many another depression-haunted road, the B. & O. started borrowing in 1932, owed RFC \$87 million by 1939, when it was supposed to start paying back. Since it was unable to do so, Congress passed a special law (the Chandler Act), which permitted the B. & O. to go into bankruptcy without its management's losing control. With that, a steady stream of officials left RFC and took B. & O. jobs with the blessing of RFC Boss Jones.

The B. & O. went into bankruptcy again in 1944, at a time when its net profits for the four previous years were \$117 million, highest in the B. & O.'s 120-year history. The railroad claimed it was forced into bankruptcy because it couldn't afford to pay its RFC loan. Senator Tobey



Associated Press

SENATOR TOBEY

First to glimpse the skeleton.

charged that the bankruptcy was "collusive and irregular" because the road, with RFC's knowledge, had put on a poor mouth by juggling its cash. It had siphoned off \$31.5 million to pay off bonds long before they were due, had underestimated its earnings for the following year by \$49.5 million. It kept \$60 million in working capital, rather than pay back RFC, even though one of its directors admitted it needed only about \$6,000,000.

The RFC and the B. & O., said Senator Tobey, had conspired to put through the second bankruptcy so that the B. & O. could put off paying its RFC debt until 1965. Tobey charged that B. & O. officials had feared that the Democrats might lose the 1944 election and new RFC officials might not be as cooperative as Jones and his men, so they wanted to get everything set ahead of time.

After the second bankruptcy, B. & O. General Solicitor Cassius Clay (an ex-RFC lawyer), resigned in disgust, was joined by another B. & O. lawyer. Said



THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY PROVES IT!

It is only natural that much of America's automobile production centers in Outstate Michigan.

In the heart of the industrial Mid-West, rich in skilled manpower and production know-how, Outstate Michigan is an ideal location for the automobile industry, just as it was for the carriage and wagon makers of an earlier day.

Flint is the home of Buick and Chevrolet and chief manufacturing center for General Motors.

Pontiac is the home of the Pontiac automobile and of the GMC Truck and Coach Division.

Lansing is the home of Oldsmobile, Reo, Duplex Truck. These facts tell only part of Outstate Michigan's role in the automobile industry.

In metropolitan Detroit are the home plants of Cadillac, Chrysler, DeSoto, Dodge, Federal Truck, Ford, Frazer, Hud-

son, Kaiser, Lincoln, Mercury, Packard, Plymouth. Outstate Michigan has scores of industries, large and small, that make parts and accessories for the automobile plants of the Outstate and Detroit areas.

From these plants in many cities and villages come practically all the thousands of items that go to make an automobile, including spark plugs, tires, forgings, motor blocks, springs, horns, pistons, radios, axles, wheels, and the famous Bodies by Fisher.

If your business is related to automobiles, the advantages offered by Outstate Michigan are obvious. If you are in some other line, you still can benefit from the skilled manpower, production know-how and other Outstate Michigan advantages that help the automobile industry prosper. See the check list below then write us for further information.

Check These Advantages of Outstate Michigan

- ★ Exceptionally High Percentage of Skilled Workers
- ★ In the Great Market Center of America
- ★ Wide Range of Materials, Parts and Supplies
- ★ No State Income Tax
- ★ Desirable Plant Sites
- ★ Dependable Electric and Gas Service at Fair Rates
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FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE **Industrial Development Department**
CONSUMERS POWER COMPANY JACKSON, MICHIGAN



Black area on map shows territory served by Consumers Power Company

COLE PORTER pours them!



Cole Porter, distinguished composer of "Out of This World" says, "We don't mix cocktails in our house—we just pour them out of the Heublein bottle!"

HUGH
BLINE,
your
barman
in a
bottle
does
the
work!

Serving Heublein's ready-mixed cocktails is like having an expert bartender on duty at your home. Heublein's cocktails are masterfully made of finest liquors... thoroughly intermarried for exceptional smoothness. Just add ice—or pour over ice cubes and serve "on the rocks."

EIGHT KINDS, INCLUDING:

MANHATTAN, 65 proof	EXTRA DRY MARTINI, 65 proof
OLD FASHIONED, 70 proof	GIBSON, 75 proof very, very dry Martini

HEUBLEIN'S Club COCKTAILS

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

106

Clay after he quit: the loans were a "gigantic steal," a "frame-up" and a "fraud."

The bankruptcy, said the Tobey report, did more than postpone payment of the loan. It enabled the railroad to convert the notes held by RFC into non-salable bonds, hence left RFC with a frozen loan rather than a live claim on the B. & O.'s assets. Once converted, RFC's collateral behind its loans to the railroad dropped in value by about 30%, or \$21 million.

RFC Boss Symington wasted no time last week in getting to the bottom of Tobey's charges. He ordered a special investigation by former Federal Trade Commission Counsel Joseph J. Smith Jr., gave him full rein to dig into the mess. The Senate Banking & Currency Committee also went into action. It sent the Tobey report to the Justice Department to see if there was any ground for legal action against B. & O. and former RFC officials.

MILESTONES

Married. Ruth McCormick ("Bazy") Miller, 30, niece of Colonel Robert R. ("Bertie") McCormick and editor of his Washington *Times-Herald* until she quit in a dispute over policy (*TIME*, April 16), and Garvin E. ("Tank") Tankersley, 39, former *Times-Herald* assistant managing editor who was first exiled to the Chicago *Tribune*, fired a couple of months later; both for the second time; at Al-Marrah, Bazy's Montgomery County, Md. estate.

Married. Cinematress Myrna Loy, 45, "perfect wife" of the movies (*The Thin Man*, *Chaper by the Dozen*); and Howland H. Sargeant, 39, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, who last year headed the United States' UNESCO delegation to which she was an adviser; she for the fourth time, he for the second; at Fort Myer, Va.

Married. Sir Charles Mendl, 80, one-time British diplomatic press attaché and widower of the U.S.-born international society hostess, Elsie de Wolfe Mendl; and Mme. Yvonne Riley, 37, Belgian-born violinist; he for the second time, she for the third; in Paris.

Died. Lieut. Bernard de Lattre de Tassigny, 23, only son of General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, Commander in Chief of French forces in Indo-China; of battle wounds received while leading his Viet Nam infantry company against Communist-led Viet Minh forces; 20 miles south of Hanoi, French Indo-China (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Dr. Napoleão Laureano, 36, Brazilian surgeon and cancer expert, who spent his dying days in dramatizing his country's need for better clinics to detect and fight cancer (*TIME*, March 19); of cancer of the lymphatic tissues; in Rio de Janeiro.

Died. Fannie Brice, 59, leave-embalming star of stage and radio, who worked her way up from amateur nights, began her career in the big-time in the *Ziegfeld Follies* of 1910; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Los Angeles. In a series of turbulent romances she married and left 1) a barber named Frank White, 2) Gambler Nicky Arnstein, 3) Showman Billy Rose, meanwhile won new fame with her famed radio characterization, "Baby Snooks."

Died. John Erskine, 71, professor of English literature at Columbia University (1909-37), novelist (*The Private Life of Helen of Troy*), concert pianist, music educator (president of Manhattan's Juilliard School, 1928-37); of a heart ailment; in Manhattan. Starting on a novelist's career at the age of 46, he scored an immediate success with *Helen*, thereafter wrote 18 more novels in the same mold, using figures from legend and history (Galahad, Adam & Eve, François Villon, Venus) to satirize 20th Century manners & morals. At the end he was still writing his streamlined version of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Working title: *The Wife of Bath and Her Boy Friends*.

Died. Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, 85, Archbishop of Philadelphia and senior prelate of the Roman Catholic Church in the U.S.; of a stroke, shortly after celebrating Mass on the 61st anniversary of his ordination as a priest; in Philadelphia. Born the fourth child of an Irish immigrant coal miner, he spent 13 scholarly years on the faculty of Philadelphia's St. Charles Borromeo Seminary, in 1903 became Bishop of Nueva Segovia in the Philippines. There he dealt with rebels and lepers, dug graves for cholera victims, paddled his canoe along jungle streams (the diocese could not afford a paddler), and led the Roman Catholic theological struggle against the "Independent Philippine Church," founded by Gregorio Aglipay, who had been a Roman Catholic priest in Manila. Dougherty became Archbishop of Philadelphia in 1918, was created a cardinal in 1921, devoted much of his remaining life to traveling in line of duty, was acclaimed the "missionary bishop of the 20th Century."

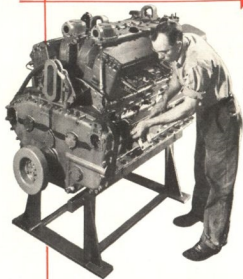
Died. Dr. George Dock, 91, famed pathologist and associate of the late great Sir William Osler; of a heart attack; in Altadena, Calif. One of the first full-time professors of medicine in the U.S. (at St. Louis' Washington University), he published the first successful diagnosis of coronary thrombosis, wrote scores of wryly humorous papers on a wide variety of medical subjects (typical Dock title: *The Advantage of Using Potassium Iodide Until We Have Something Better*).

✶ Reducing the strength of the College of Cardinals (100, 70) to 50, the number of U.S. cardinals in force: Mooney of Detroit, Stritch of Chicago, Spellman of New York.

TIME, JUNE 11, 1951

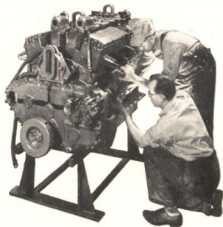
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CINEMA

Box Office

May's box-office favorites, as reported this week in *Variety's* monthly poll of 24 key U.S. cities:

- 1) *The Great Caruso* (M-G-M)
- 2) *The Thing* (RKO Radio)
- 3) *Appointment with Danger* (Paramount)
- 4) *My Forbidden Past* (RKO Radio)
- 5) *Father's Little Dividend* (M-G-M)

Safari in Color

Millions of U.S. hobbyists like to make their own movies, but none carries the hobby as far as Edgar M. (for Monsanto®) Queeny, 53, board chairman of the \$221 million Monsanto Chemical Co. In his spare time as an amateur photographer, Queeny spent nine years making 100,000 hard-to-get still shots of wild duck, finally put the best into a 1946 volume called *Prairie Wings*. Two years ago, with the same perfectionist's zeal, he set about making sound movies of African native and animal life.

For four months Queeny traveled through Africa on an 8,000-mile safari, equipped with the blessing of Manhattan's American Museum of Natural History, ten 16-mm. cameras, including some for underwater and super-speed shots, specially rigged camera trucks and experimental directional microphones newly developed by the Bell Telephone Laboratories. After spending some \$300,000 on the project, he brought 80,000 feet of color film back to his suburban St. Louis estate.

There he turned a barn into a \$40,000 air-conditioned studio and imported top-notch Hollywood technicians to edit and finish the film. The result: *Hobbyist Queeny's* first completed movie, *Latuko*, a 50-minute color documentary about a hitherto unphotographed tribe deep in the equatorial Sudan.

Test of Manhood. *Latuko* is a largely unrehearsed record of the ceremonies that go with such tribal institutions as initiation rites, hunting, fishing, rainmaking. The movie is studded with fine shots of African game during an exciting hunting sequence. Its remarkable sound track carries the authentic cries of wild animals, the natives' strange lingo, the pulsing of their drums.

This week *Latuko* is being held over for its fourth week in two St. Louis neighborhood theaters, where it has been outdrawing movies from Hollywood. Eager film distributors are negotiating with Queeny for the rights to show the picture on a nationwide schedule. If he closes such a deal, the profits, like those of the St. Louis test run, will go to the Museum of Natural History.

Possibly because of the film's obvious

* His mother's maiden name, given by his father, John F. Queeny, to the little chemical company he founded in a small woodshed factory in St. Louis in 1901.



HOBBYIST QUEENY
Outdrawing Hollywood.

earnestness and calmly informative narration, no St. Louis moviegoer has protested its plentiful shots of bare-breasted women and unadorned men or its savagely raw scenes, e.g., as a test of manhood, a young warrior taps the jugular vein of a bound cow, lets the blood flow into a gourd and gulps it down.

With Bow & Arrow. Out of his original 80,000 feet, Queeny already has finished a second film, a two-reeler on the ancient music of a tribe in Uganda, near Lake Victoria. He plans a feature-length "fantasy" showing how the Wakamba tribe hunts elephants with bow & arrow, another two-reeler about a strange signaling bird that leads natives to caches of honey, and possibly still another feature on the safari itself. Beyond that, Queeny wants to ride his hobby on another expedition. "I don't know yet where it will be," he says. "It will be some place where we can try to do things with film and sound that haven't been done before."

The New Pictures

Along the Great Divide (Warner) goes on the theory that an established star's debut in chaps & spurs calls for a little tone. To make Kirk Douglas at home on the range, the movie adopts a solemn, moody pace and a story line that tries him mightily with all the usual hazards that western heroes are heir to, and caps it all by supplying him with a high-class neurosis.

U.S. Marshal Douglas rescues a salty old rustler (Walter Brennan) from being lynched as a murderer, and starts back with him to distant Santa Loma for trial. Along the way he endures interference by the rustler's hellcat daughter (Virginia Mayo), ambush and pursuit by the lynch mob, the shooting of one deputy, the



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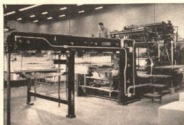
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treachery of another, the loss of his horse, a desert sandstorm and a three-day spell of thirst and sleeplessness. Worst of all, he is sorely tormented by his prisoner's sadistic singing of a ballad that summons up the marshal's old guilt complex over the death of his father.

The hero still has enough energy to



Mac Julian
VIRGINIA MAYO & KIRK DOUGLAS
With chops and spurs, a neurosis.

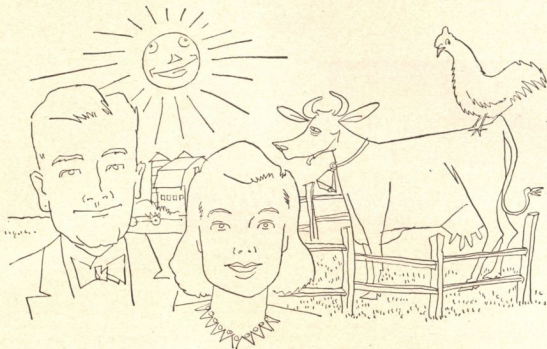
reach town, discover the real murderer, shoot it out with him, lick his neurosis, win the girl. Being only human, audiences are likely to fatigue more readily than Marshal Douglas.

The Hollywood Story (Universal-International) is a very poor man's *Sunset Boulevard*. Like its predecessor it shows the Hollywood of the present poking into the Hollywood past, with the movie great at work and at play, and screen oldtimers (Francis X. Bushman, Helen Gibson, William Farnum) as they look today. But the new movie is a formula whodunit without benefit of suspense, characterization, or anything else except some superficial Hollywood atmosphere.

The story turns on the 22-year-old unsolved murder of a famed movie director of the silent era.* Independent Producer Richard Conte determines to make a picture about the crime and, by the dime-novel logic that governs *The Hollywood Story*, decides he must solve it first. He rakes up old clues, gets shot at for his pains, goes staunchly on through a gallery of suspects: his business partner (Fred Clark), a onetime matinee idol (Paul Cavanagh), a silent movie queen's daughter

* Suggested by the murder of Director William Desmond Taylor, who was shot in the back in his Los Angeles cottage, Feb. 1, 1922.

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A Vitamins, yeast, and cattle feeds are important industry by-products.

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by
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...or how I make production hum at

YALE & TOWNE



Charlie Krips, Traffic Manager, Philadelphia Materials Handling Division, Yale & Towne, calls. Tells me* the speeded up Yale & Towne production lines are dependent on deliveries, parts, tools and equipment from multiple points throughout the country.

Says delivery of these shipments has to be synchronized with production in order to avoid costly stoppages. Asks me

if I can help. Mr. Krips, I answer, when it comes to fast, safe and sure materials handling, from one town to another, I'm something of an expert myself. Just inform your suppliers to ship by Railway Express... give us the shipping schedules you want to meet... then lean back and watch production roll. We really hit some close harmony. We deliver the parts that make the lift trucks that handle the Express deliveries that make more Yale & Towne materials handling equipment—electric and gasoline lift trucks and hoists.



For the fast, friendly way
to ship or receive anything—

ALWAYS ASK
THE EXPRESS MAN



*Harry Umberger, 10 years an Express Man

Nation-Wide Rail-Air Service

(Julia Adams), a veteran scripter (Henry Hull).

Unlike *Sunset Boulevard*, its pale counterpart stirs no emotion and avoids any commentary on the manners & morals of Hollywood, past or present. But it courts some unanticipated resentment and unwitting pathos in the exploitation of the faded oldtimers whom it uses as trophy-like props to dress up a few brief scenes.

When *The Hollywood Story* was previewed last month at the Academy Award Theater, studio pressagents invited silent-screen veterans to be on hand for the occasion, fulsomely saluted them in publicity handouts as "the Hollywood greats who reigned before the days of the Oscar... headliners whose glamour gave the film community its worldwide fame." The invitations billed the affair simply as a tribute to the oldtimers, failed to mention the movie.

To a newsman, Elmo Lincoln, sixtyish, the screen's original Tarzan, offered a bitter reaction: "Every time they want to exploit something like *Hollywood Story*, they call on us. We're not getting any money out of this... All of us who worked in *Hollywood Story* got \$15.56 a day, the minimum extra rate, for one day's work. The principals, like Helen Gibson and Francis X. Bushman, who had dialogue, got \$55 for their day's work. They paid us for that one day and they've gotten \$15,000 worth of publicity out of it. If I had the opportunity, I'd stand right there on that stage tonight and say: 'Why don't we get work?'... The motion picture industry is the most unappreciative, selfish business in America today."

CURRENT & CHOICE

Oliver Twist. Director David (Great Expectations) Lean's brilliant adaptation of the Charles Dickens novel; with Alec Guinness, John Howard Davies, Robert Newton (TIME, May 14).

On the Riviera. Danny Kaye plays a double role in a cinematic whose laughs, songs and dances sparkle as brightly as its Technicolor (TIME, May 7).

Father's Little Dividend. In a lively sequel to the original Spencer Tracy-Joan Bennett-Elizabeth Taylor comedy, the *Father of the Bride* suffers through the ordeal of becoming a grandfather (TIME, April 23).

Kon-Tiki. An engrossing documentary record of how six men floated 4,300 miles from Peru to Polynesia on a raft (TIME, April 16).

God Needs Men. A stirring French movie with Pierre Fresnay as a devout fisherman whose fellow islanders prod him into the sacrilege of serving as their priest (TIME, April 16).

The Lemon Drop Kid. Bob Hope uses a Damon Runyon story as an incidental prop in a wild, gagged-up farce of race-track touts and Broadway con games (TIME, April 2).

Born Yesterday. Judy Holliday's Academy Award-winning performance as the dumb blonde of the Broadway hit (TIME, Dec. 25).



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The chemical industry needs help......mainly trained scientists with postgraduate degrees from recognized universities.

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The chemist is today's pioneer! His big job is re-arranging the molecules of available substances to form others...to improve on materials found in nature, and develop synthetics for materials not found in nature...to devise more efficient and less costly ways to make things...to find new, better and cheaper sources of energy, food, medicine.

No job in the world offers a more exciting adventure, a more inspiring challenge. Of the last four Nobel Awards in medicine, three have gone to chemists!...

The chemist, with the physician, will mitigate the age old ills of mankind...and working with the business man and the engineer, will develop new products of incalculable value.

In common with other companies in the chemical industry, General Aniline is always interested in scientific talent...employs 830 graduates from 285 colleges and universities...and will need more!

General Aniline scientists have unusual records of achievement...introduced forty-

eight new dyes and intermediates last year...developed new dyeing processes, color and X-ray film, papers, acetylene derivatives...brought out PVP (*polyvinylpyrrolidone*), a superior blood plasma substitute and new detoxifier. Other GA projects promise even more important developments.

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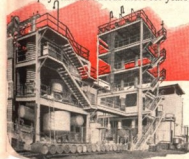
General Aniline is a good company to work for and with, worth watching!

Write for free booklet... "How to Prepare for a Career in Science" by Dr. H. B. Hass, Manager Research & Development (formerly head of Chemistry Dept., Purdue University).

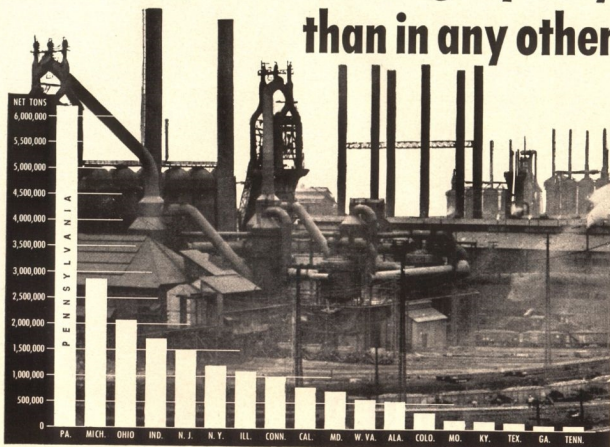


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These figures compiled by Iron Age cover period from January 1, 1950 to December 31, 1952.

U. S. STEEL IS BUILDING HERE THE LARGEST SINGLE STEEL PLANT ERECTED ANYWHERE SINCE WORLD WAR II

On the banks of the Delaware, at Morrisville, Pa., above Philadelphia, United States Steel is building its first Eastern Seaboard mill—the Fairless Works. This will be a complete steel plant—a wholly-integrated plant on 3800 acres which will add another 1,800,000 ingot tons to America's steel capacity.

It will produce a wide range of finished products. It will involve an investment of about \$400,000,000.00.

There will be a coke and coal chemical plant, two blast furnaces, nine open-hearth furnaces, and strip mill, bloom-slab mill, billet mill and a bar mill.

National Tube Company, a U. S. Steel subsidiary, will erect facilities for producing steel pipe.

The new mill will have docks for ocean-going vessels and will be able to utilize ore from Venezuela and other foreign and domestic ore.

More than 4,400 people will work at the new plant in the beginning. Private builders are planning thousands of homes for the workers in the Morrisville area.

U. S. Steel Has Just Completed a Program Adding Another 1,000,000 Tons to Its Pennsylvania Plants

Additions to the company's plants at Homestead, at Braddock, at Clairton and at Duquesne involve another multi-million dollar investment in Pennsylvania.

is being built in Pennsylvania place in the world

✓ BETHLEHEM ENLARGES FIVE PENNSYLVANIA PLANTS

New construction at the Bethlehem Steel Company's plants at Bethlehem, Johnstown and Steelton, Pa., will increase the company's annual ingot capacity by 720,000 tons.

The company is also increasing the capacity of its wire rope

operation at Williamsport, and recent improvements have boosted the production of bolts and nuts and specialty products at its plant at Lebanon, Pa., which is one of the outstanding nut and bolt producers of the country.

✓ JONES & LAUGHLIN INVESTING \$290,000,000 HERE

Out of an expansion program of \$390,000,000, Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation is putting \$290,000,000 into its Pennsylvania plants.

At its Pittsburgh Works, a vast expansion (extending a distance of over one-half mile along the Monongahela River) will make a net increase of 1,200,000 tons of ingot capacity.

This includes eleven new open-hearth furnaces, a new blooming

mill and a new bar mill.

At its Aliquippa Works, the company has just completed 59 new coke ovens, and is building new tin mill facilities and a new rod mill.

By these and other changes, J&L is increasing its ingot capacity in all steel plants from 4,846,500 tons to approximately 6,400,000 tons, or 32%.

✓ PITTSBURGH STEEL SPENDING \$56,000,000

This expansion program will increase Pittsburgh Steel Company's open-hearth capacity by 500,000 tons at its Monessen, Pa., plant, and will also mark this company's first entry into the strip and

sheet steel field. There will be continuous mills for hot and cold rolled strip and sheet steel, and a new blooming and slabbing mill.

✓ CRUCIBLE SPENDING \$27,250,000

Crucible Steel Company's new construction is mainly at its Midland, Pa., plant, where it will build a new blast furnace, and

new coke ovens, enlarge its open-hearth and electric furnaces, build a new bar mill, as well as improve many of its other mills.

✓ SHARON STEEL PLANS 5 YEAR \$50,000,000 PROGRAM

Sharon Steel Corporation has plans to expand and modernize its mill at Farrell, Pa., by adding another blast furnace, by replacing its present open-hearth furnaces with larger units, by adding to its

finishing equipment and adding a new blooming mill, and by a modernization program on all its facilities.

✓ ALLEGHENY-LUDLUM STEEL SPENDS \$50,000,000

Allegheny-Ludlum Steel Company, which just completed a three-year \$30,000,000 expansion program, at least \$25,000,000 of which was spent in its Pennsylvania plants, has launched another three-year \$30,000,000 program, at least \$25,000,000 of which is to be spent in its plants at Brackenridge, and at West

Lechburg, Pa. Most of this money is being spent to expand the company's facilities for finishing high-alloy steel products. This includes expansion of flat-rolled facilities by installation of new hot and cold strip and sheet mills.

Steel is so important to so many manufacturing operations that there are good economic reasons why you will want to be close to steel-making plants. Because of the recent vast expansion of steel plants in Pennsylvania, many companies which use steel or which serve the steel industry are negotiating for new plants of their own in Pennsylvania and many have already announced definite plans for construction, especially close to the new Morrisville plant.

There are about 110 steel plants in more than 70 cities and towns all over Pennsylvania. It will be to your advantage to put one or more of your plants in this area.

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Poor Clem

THE TROUBLED AIR (418 pp.)—Irwin Shaw—Random House [\$3.75].

The honest liberal stumbles on, carrying his heavy cross, in Irwin Shaw's new novel. This time the poor fellow is Clement Archer, radio director. He is really honest, really liberal: when a scandalous sheet accuses members of his troupe of being party-liners, he sets out to find the "facts."

Yes, admits the show's leading lady, she's a party member. No, says the leading man (and Clem Archer's best friend), he's nothing of the kind. After some more questions, Clem decides that the accusations have been, at best, wild and indiscriminate. He joins a public campaign for "freedom of the air." Poor Clem; his case, and his career too, blows up when the leading lady puts the finger on the leading man as the secret party boss for radio who has been playing Clem for a prize sap.

At the end, a defeated but wiser Archer confronts his old friend. "There was nothing personal" in it, says the old friend. To which the stung liberal replies: "I'm a funny man. I believe that whatever two human beings do to each other . . . is personal."

The Troubled Air makes two points, not

new but still good: 1) when loose accusations start flying around, innocent people may be hurt; 2) liberals should not let their passion for freedom blind them to Communism. Unfortunately, Shaw makes these points more as a pamphleteer than a novelist. His book moves smoothly, but his characters are papery and stiff. For all his craft and good will, Novelist Shaw never quite creates the illusion that he is writing about people who breathe air, or even listen to what's on the air.

Sensible "SF"?

GREAT STORIES OF SCIENCE FICTION (321 pp.)—Edited by Murray Leinster—Random House [\$2.95].

An old hand at writing science fiction once described the formula: first get your characters into a mess, then grab a handful of electrons and get them out of it. In the opinion of Murray Leinster (real name: Will F. Jenkins), dean of U.S. science fictioners, the formula has been badly overworked. He is tired of galactic worlds, space ships, bug-eyed monsters and the few thousand rabid fans who cry for them. Along with most book publishers, he would like to see "SF" go respectable, or at least sensible, keep one foot and preferably two on the ground—and even try for a slightly more polished prose.

The yarns in Dean Leinster's anthology, *Great Stories of Science Fiction*, do not meet all his specifications, but they do illustrate a trend. The first story is simply for laughs, almost a parody of previous space operas: Otho, first ambassador from Philistia, reaches Washington in a rocket ship easily enough, then gets into trouble with the girls because of his X-ray eyes. In *Blind Alley*, rich and nostalgic Mr. Feathersmith hires the devil to restore the home town of his boyhood, but soon realizes that life in good old Cliffordsville was really a tedious bore. In *Hiding*, selected as the most popular story in *Astounding Science Fiction* in 1948, is perhaps the real tipoff on the new trend: it is a fairly quiet story of a psychiatrist's effort to keep a fantastically high-I.Q. teen-ager on an even keel.

Most of the twelve *Great Stories* (Leinster modestly includes only two of his own) still put too heavy a strain on credibility, e.g., in one, a dead dancer carries on, mentally at least, when her brain is transferred to a metal figure. But the best of the stories show signs of serious effort to keep fantasy within hailing distance of reality. SF cultists of the old guard may deplore the trend—on the ground that it threatens, sooner or later, to take all the amazement out of the amazing. But it will be all right with most book publishers. Though the space-opera formula seems to work well at the pulp level, experimenting publishers have generally had to be content with sales of around 5,000 when such yarns are peddled as honest-to-goodness books. Just maybe the new trend will catch more readers.

The End of Yeoman England

THE AGE OF ELEGANCE (450 pp.)—Arthur Bryant—Harper [\$4.50].

King George III was as mad as a hatter, blind, doddering and virtually a prisoner in Windsor Castle. His son George, the Prince Regent, was fat, gross and so unpopular that he hardly dared show his face in public. When he did, he was booed. His adulteries were public knowledge, but his broad-beamed princess, Caroline, was also indiscreet. Soon, and quite openly, she was to take an Italian lover and stand a parliamentary trial for her conduct. London's streets were full of soldiers being demobbed, and the most popular man in England was Alexander I, Czar of Russia, who had conquered Napoleon (with some help from the Russian winter).

That was England in 1814, after Napoleon had been packed off to Elba, but England only in her most sensational aspect. After two decades of war, she was still the richest nation in the world and in many ways the most attractive. Yet she was changing fast. Between industrialism and the effects of the Napoleonic wars, England would never be the same again.

Czarist Parallel. Few historians are better equipped to tell this story than Briton Arthur Bryant. In two previous books (*The Years of Endurance, Years of Victory*), he covered the decades 1793-1812 with the grasp of a Gibbon, the



Larry Burrows

THIS OBSTACLE COURSE is the sitting room of an eminent Victorian. Sherlock Holmes cultists don't have to be told whose. One of the sideshows of the Festival of Britain, the new mecca for Holmesians is located in London's Baker Street, as near as possible to the old diggings at 221b. Holmes himself is presumed to have just dashed out on a case—leaving a wax dummy by the window to mislead Professor Moriarty's henchmen. All of the objects in the room, from the swamp adder over his laboratory table (*The Speckled Band*) to the jackknifed file of unanswered letters on the mantelpiece (*The Musgrave Ritual*) have been furnished by Holmes admirers around the world. Since buildings and street numbers have changed since Holmes's day, experts faced a grave problem in picking just the right site for the revival. "What a misfortune it is," said the *Times*, "that Holmes is himself no longer with us" to settle the question.

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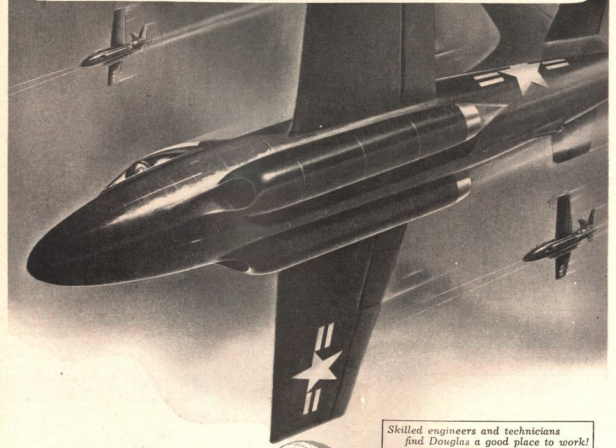
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TIME, JUNE 11, 1951



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imagination of an epic novelist. *The Age of Elegance* is the last of a trilogy and, if anything, more readable than the others.

Bryant tries neither to teach nor to hector, but his book is full of parallels with the history being made today. The Czar's soldiers had smashed Napoleon's Grande Armée, but had become the terror of the people they liberated. "Better the French as enemies," German peasants were beginning to say, "than the Russians as friends." The fears of Europe were much the same as the world's today: "What if, having occupied Finland, Bessarabia and Poland, the northern colossus should now strike southwards across the central Asian deserts to the Indian Ocean?" And when British Foreign Secretary Castlereagh opposed a puppet Poland under Russian control, "he was curtly informed that Russia, already in command of Poland, possessed an army of 600,000 men." Most familiar



Historical Pictures

THE PRINCE REGENT

Among blessings, faith and syllabub.

of all: "Castlereagh knew that the Czar would bluff and bluster from gain to gain so long as he thought that the West was pacific and divided."

Some of Bryant's best pages describe the fighting of Wellington's army in Spain. His account of the battle of Waterloo is a model of brevity, exact and graphic. But it is old England itself which most excites Bryant, its landed wealth, its civilization, its regard for personal liberty, its native good sense. No mere passionless chronicler, Historian Bryant knows what he likes and doesn't like. "True aristocracy, after true religion," he writes, "is the greatest blessing a nation can enjoy." And the older England had enjoyed that blessing, along with several lesser ones—including the best diet in the world.

"The English ate," says Bryant, "as though eating were an act of grace... They ate more than any people in the world, because they grew more. A Hampshire farmer at his wedding dinner fed



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his guests from his own land on beef, fowls, a gammon of bacon and a sucking pig, a green goose, river-fish, plum pudding, apple-pie, cheese-cakes, custards, home-brewed beer, home-made wine and syllabub."

Karl Marx's Mistake. To less nostalgic historians, Bryant's almost lyrical regret for the passing of an essentially yeoman England may seem purely sentimental. But nobody can accuse him of glossing the ugly side. England's "counterfeit" aristocrats took no steps to "enforce a reasonable standard of social justice." The industrial age was allowed to come in on a reckless wave of unrestrained self-interest. Long before the age of elegance was over, savagely angry mobs of hungry, jobless Englishmen were threatening revolution. The basis was laid, not for a new England—harmoniously balanced between classes—but for two new Englands: an England of possessors and an England of the dispossessed.

Karl Marx, grubbing down all the grim details in his notebooks, concluded that by an inexorable "law" of history, the two Englands would soon meet head-on in a bath of blood. It never happened. Historian Bryant thinks he sees why: a leaven of Englishmen determined to find a new balance. "If we are a Christian nation," wrote old Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "we must learn to act nationally as well as individually as Christians." It was this conviction, expressed in their own ways by generations of reforming Englishmen, that Marx forgot to account for.

Thinking Can Make It So

THE INNOCENCE OF PASTOR MÜLLER (156 pp.)—Carlo Beuf—Duell, Sloan & Pearce (\$2.50).

The first of the anonymous letters was received in Berlin by a Weimar Republic judge who had just pronounced sentence in an embezzlement case. "You are an ass," the letter read. "You have condemned an innocent man. The guilty party is the director of the bank." The director was investigated and found guilty.

When the judge acquitted a woman of poisoning her husband, he got a second letter. "Will you never learn anything? Didn't it ever occur to you . . . to inquire whether or not the old cuckold had actually taken out a £200,000 insurance policy . . . to be paid to the wife upon the husband's death?" The judge inquired. Sure enough, the woman had murdered her husband for the insurance.

After the ninth letter, the ninth reversal, the judge committed suicide in despair. But his fiendishly omniscient correspondent quickly found other victims—a bishop, a prince, a shipping magnate, the chancellor himself. The police were at wit's end. Who was the poison-pen man? How did he come by his astonishing information?

Corpse in the Ruins. Up to this point, *The Innocence of Pastor Müller*, by Carlo Beuf, reads like a witty piece of European detective fiction. But by the end of the book it is clear that Carlo Beuf has

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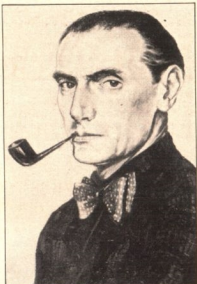
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written a fable of the age, in a manner as gay as Aesop's, and with a meaning just as grave.

The omniscient penman turns out to be a man named Kuno Schiller, a brilliant photographer who has discovered the N-ray—something which can catch men's thoughts for him on sensitized paper. Schiller offers to photograph foreign diplomats, reveal their secrets to the German government. The government accepts his offer and, for a time, acting on Schiller's information, conducts a preternaturally successful foreign policy. (It is the era of the Locarno Pact, etc.)

All at once, Schiller disappears. For two years the government wallows along without him. Then a house burns down in a Berlin suburb, and Schiller's body is found in the ruins, along with the corpse of another man. His wife gives her evidence: in reading an N-ray photograph of her,



CARLO BEUF (SELF-PORTRAIT)
Among the N-rays, strange shapes.

Schiller saw the image of another man. Insanely jealous, he had dropped everything and devoted two years to finding the fellow. In the end, he had burned the house down around both of them.

Evil in the Mind. Author Beuf then lets an old acquaintance of Schiller, Pastor Müller, complete the story and point the moral: Pastor Müller, a man of great simplicity and directness, looks at Schiller's N-ray photographs and can see no more than is visible in ordinary ones. "You are too innocent," says a man of the world, who can see all sorts of strange shapes in them. "I can't say I'm sorry," the good pastor replies. "For my part I am quite satisfied with what I see... In fact, I was just wondering whether the frenzy for dissecting and analyzing that is characteristic of our age is not the cause of much of the evil afflicting the world today."

In his first book of fiction, 57-year-old Carlo Beuf (who ranches cattle in



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Wyoming and paints as well as writes in his spare time) has written something very much like an anti-Candide. Voltaire presented his hero as a man who, against overwhelming evidence, continued to believe that "all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds"—and Voltaire found him ridiculous. Beuf's Pastor Müller agrees, in effect, with Candide. He even appears to wonder whether, after all, Candide's simple faith was as simple-minded as it seemed.

RECENT & READABLE

The Ballad of the Sad Café, by Carson McCullers. A novelette, half a dozen short stories and three novels in an impressive omnibus (TIME, June 4).

Invitation to Moscow, by Z. Stypulkowski. Gripping personal history by a leader of the Polish underground who refused to "confess" despite 70 days & nights of Soviet-style interrogation (TIME, June 4).

Some Notes on Lifemanship, by Stephen Potter. How to be a conversational cad (TIME, June 4).

Man and Boy, by Wright Morris. A quiet little horror story about Mother & Father Ormsby and their average bad marriage (TIME, May 28).

Inuk, by Roger Bullard. Recollections of a missionary priest who spent 15 years among the Eskimos (TIME, May 28).

Little Men, Big World, by W. R. Burnett. Fast-moving gang novel by the author of *Little Caesar* and *High Sierra* (TIME, May 21).

Buoyant Billions, Farfetched Fables & Shakes Versus Shav, by George Bernard Shaw. The last plays of G.B.S. A bit short on wit and wind, but still full of typically Shavian flashes (TIME, May 14).

Dominations and Powers, by George Santayana. Gracefully written skepticism by one of the moral gaddies of the 20th Century; the last volume Philosopher Santayana expects to publish in his lifetime (TIME, May 7).

Notes, by W. H. Auden. Eighty-one pages of assertions, most of them witty, by a major modern poet turned devout (TIME, April 30).

Hangsamen, by Shirley Jackson. An eerie story of a young girl's descent into schizophrenia (TIME, April 23).

The Miraculous Barber, by Marcel Aymé. A dry and mocking satire of French life on the eve of World War II by one of the best contemporary French novelists (TIME, April 23).

The Morning Watch, by James Agee. Good Friday's overwhelming effect on a twelve-year-old (TIME, April 23).

The Caine Mutiny, by Herman Wouk. The saga of a minesweeper with a misfit skipper and level-headed juniors; high-grade realism in a story of World War II (TIME, April 9).

Darkness and Day, by Ivy Compton-Burnett. Further astonishing dilemmas of some of Compton-Burnett's genteel English characters; contrived mainly to let the characters gossip unconventionally about life, death and each other (TIME, March 26).



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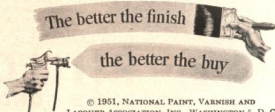
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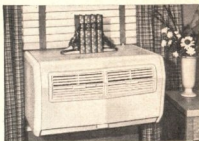
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Rigid Diet. In Chicago, the *Tribune* syndicate's health columnist told a worried reader that her habit of eating three boxes of laundry starch a week would do her no harm, but asked her to let him know if it stiffened her stomach.

Voluntary Servitude. In Auburn, Ind., after De Kalb County's six council members thumbed down his request for funds to hire a new deputy, Sheriff Frank Carpenter dropped in at each official's home, issued each man a badge and equipment, soon had six deputies ready to serve at no cost to the county.

Young Man's Fancy. In San Rafael, Calif., Mrs. Etta Waldorff, 50, accused her 91-year-old male boarder of chasing her around in his birthday suit until she finally had to put a lock on her bedroom door.

Welfare State. In Cleveland, Cuyahoga County Treasurer Leslie Monroe got tired of keeping 400 old personal property tax accounts on his books, kicked in \$11.76 of his own, paid them all off.

Open & Shut Case. In Houston, after he was picked up for speeding and escaped from the cop who nabbed him, Daniel Martin was arrested again by the same cop, fined \$15 for stealing a pair of handcuffs, despite his plea: "He put them on me. I just left."

Buyer, Beware! In Detroit, Car Dealer Ray Whyte quickly repaired his mammoth "Whyte Oldsmobile" sign after the last two letters of his name burned out.

Self-Starter. In Starks, La., after vainly trying to start his car, George Henry got two sticks of dynamite, scattered spare parts all over town.

Pound Foolish. In Oblong, Ill., on being presented with an \$825 bill for home-insulation materials, retired Mailman W. R. Wall took the salesman to his bedroom, pointed to a pile of 110,000 pennies, paid up when the salesman returned with a truck to haul off the 550-lb. remittance.

Test Flight. In Baltimore, after cracking up a stolen hearse, Harry Jones explained that he merely wanted "to see how the thing rode before I died."

Way of All Flesh. In Smithville, Ohio, Long's Market felt the pinch, advertised for "a good home for a male coach dog; very fond of sirloin steaks."

Backlash. Near Wellington, Kans., a fisherman abandoned his catch after he cast his line from a railway bridge over a creek, short-circuited an automatic control system, turned every block signal red on 107 miles of track, halted 14 freight trains and three passenger expresses, stalled them all for two hours.

TIME, JUNE 11, 1951



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